

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

the Monster Times

Volume 1, No. 17



The time has finally arrived for the unearthing of our long-promised, breathlessly-awaited Super Sci-Fi Special Issue, and to blast off the proceedings we have Space Cadet Allen Asherman's carefully researched and lovingly wrought libretto on the 1954 MGM classic, **THE FORBIDDEN PLANET**. Join the crew of the United Planets Cruiser C-57-D as they soar from Earth to Altair Four, where they find a bizarre robot named Robby, a beautiful girl named Altaira, a tormented genius named Morbin, and a monster of the mind called ... the IM!

In keeping with our Sci-Fi theme, we thought Media Editor R. Allen Lecker to pen a profile of the Tube's most sterling Sci-Fi ace, **ROD SERLING**. Rod, it seems, has a number of uses he wishes to grind, so remember to keep your sack a safe distance from the page when you read it. Our resident film researcher Gary Geroni is on hand with Part I of his consideration of **SCIENCE FICTION FILMS** currently on display on the late-night TV movie shows, plus a visually breathtaking report on those mysterious **MYSTERIANS** who invaded Japan back in '59. Also on view is a generously illustrated review of a favorite devoted entirely to the history of the greatest intergalactic hero of them all, Flash Gordon, as he appeared in all his virtuous glory in comic, and film. Plus we've got an exclusive preview of a film that might turn out to be the smoochbook of the year—**ASYLUM**—and our Media Editor was fortunate enough to be on the set during the filming and his conversations with stars Peter Cushing, Richard Todd and Barbara Parkins are also contained within.

TMT DEPT. OF CORRECTIONS

Back in issue 15, TMT editor ad indoor spaceman Joe Kane incorrectly stated that Earl Lee played the part of the black chauffeur in Arch Oboler's **FIVE**, whereas this role was actually carried by an actor named Charles Laughlin. We realize this may seem trivial in view of the larger errors we might have made in the past, but the author in question is nothing if not a dedicated nihilist and we know he would have wanted it this way.

SPILL IT RITE DEPT: John Wyndham, not Wyndam.

That about takes care of the mistakes we've caught so, rather than waste any more precious space and time, let's get on with the business of yore. And remember: You can't keep a good man down ... but you might be able to get him to look the other way for a minute.

Joe

PAGE

3 FORBIDDEN PLANET:
Allen Asherman has the full report about what happens when a crew of repressed American spacemen encounter Freudian monsters of the mind. Here's looking at you, Id.

6 FANDOM'S FLASH:
Fanzine reporter Robert Naper takes a look at **HERITAGE**, a defunct zine devoted exclusively to Flash Gordon, the greatest intergalactic hero of them all.

9 MONSTER MAIL:
More lugubrious letters and nefarious notes from our hordes of faithful readers all over the world.

10 SERLING SPEAKS!
TMT Media Editor R. Allen Lecker profiles the most prolific and evasive Sci-Fi writer on the tube, Rod Serling, who also has a few remarks of his own to add.

12 THE MYSTERIANS:
Those Mysterious Mysterians set out to conquer the world, starting with Tokyo (where else??), in Gary Geroni's moving story of the Japanese Sci-Fi classic.

15 CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE PEOPLE:
TMT's political correspondent takes you behind the sinister scenes with an up-to-the minute report on the most bizarre presidential election ever recorded.

18 IT CONQUERED THE WORLD (CON):
Mark Exarier reports that signs of life have indeed been discovered in Los Angeles as he covers the 30th Annual World Science Fiction Convention, held in Sinag City.

19 THE OFFICIAL MONSTER TIMES SCI-FI GUIDE:
Being Part I of Gary Geroni's painstakingly researched compendium of all those Sci-Fi films currently haunting the late-night terror tubes.

20 THE STRIP FROM BEYOND SPACE:
Our latest superstrip takes you Around Saturn to El Pasa and straight into a surprise ending that'll keep you guessing even after you finish reading it!

22 GET THREE TO AN ASYLUM:
So advises R. Allen Lecker, who previews Amicus Productions' latest superhoocher, **ASYLUM**, and converses on the set with stars Peter Cushing, Barbara Parkins and Richard Todd.

24 TMT TELETYPE TICKS AGAIN:
Who knows what evil lurks in the heart of moviegoers? Bill Fret knows! And here he is with a full report on the latest plans of the monsters and men of Movieworld.

26 MONSTER SCENE:
Back again is our ever-popular Monster Scene, which includes this time the true story of a genuine Egyptian mummy who's looking for a home.



Thanks go to Bob Deane, make-up man for the forgotten epic **DESTRUCTION IN OUTER SPACE**, which was produced by Earle Lyon with an assist from Wendell E. Hill, Jr., not to mention director Francis Lyon and art director Paul Sykes, Jr., all of whom have been busy daily rescuing them from their deserved obscurity.

THE MONSTER TIMES, No. 17, November 26, 1972 published by Monster Times Publishing Company, Inc., 11 West 17th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Subscriptions in U.S.A.: \$6.00 for 12 issues, \$16.00 for 24 issues. Contributions are invited provided certain postage is enclosed; however, no responsibility can be accepted for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyrighted (c) 1972, by the Monster Times Publishing Company, Inc. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Subscriber change of address: give 6 weeks notice. Send an address imprint from recent issue or note recently how label is addressed.

Printed in U.S.A.

NOTHING LIKE IT EVER!

In 1956 (the same year that witnessed the INVASION OF THE BODDY SNATCHERS), MGM released FORBIDDEN PLANET, a film that pitted Sci-Fi against Freud and one that emerged as an instant classic. With high production values, a good script, and spectacular special effects, FORBIDDEN PLANET followed a crew of interplanetary travelers led by Leslie Nielsen on their journey to the mysterious Altair 4 where they encountered the tortured and sometimes menacing Dr. Morbius (Walter Pidgeon) and his daughter Altira. FORBIDDEN PLANET also featured one of the strangest "monsters" ever to haunt the screen, a monster of the mind that battles that mental masked hero, Supergo. You'll see what we mean when you read Allan Asherman's FORBIDDEN PLANET filmbook below which, if nothing else, will at least learn you never to take a brain boost from a stranger...

The saucer-shaped spaceship cut the some cosmic race blade through hyperspace. The first ship of its kind, it included everything with which the combined sciences of 2571 A.D. Earth could equip it. Safe inside the silver circle rimmed with red, the 21 crewmembers of United Planets Cruiser C-57-D went about their routines.

Commander John J. Adams sat reflecting on his mission. These were hand-picked men... the best Earth had to offer, in terms of physical and mental fitness. Twelve months traveling time using the cruiser's Quantum-Graviton drive.

Twenty-one years before, the colonization ship Bellerophon had left Earth and come this same road to Altair Four, an Earth-type planet. The first such mission outside Earth's solar system. The first world settled out in space where men could live without breathing equipment and pressure domes.

But in all that time since the Bellerophon's landing, no transmissions had been received from any of the colonists. Adams had drawn the depressing conclusion of going to Altair Four to find out what happened to the E-X Craft 101 "Bellerophon" and its



An electronic monster!
A lost super-race!
A captive blonde goddess!

FORBIDDEN PLANET

A MONSTER TIMES FILMBOOK BY ALLAN ASHERMAN



Jerry Herman (JACK KELLY), Doc Ock (WALTER PIDGEON), and Commander John J. Adams (LESLIE NIELSEN) look on in alarm as Bellerophon when they find themselves being radio-controlled by Morbius' unknown. Landing, the men are used by the more redoubt of the strange Altairian deep.

crew of scientists, technicians, guards and hopeful settlers. Earth didn't really expect to find them alive, but they could always hope.

They were in normal space now, where speeds could be measured in terms of thousands of miles per hour. Immediately, the crew became aware of an immense heat. They had materialized exactly where they should have, and were approaching the great star Altair, a yellow sun. Glowing balloons were tossed, levers thrown, and standard orbit was achieved around Altair 4. Immediately the crew jumped into action, taking readings, checking figures, making entries into the ship's record books. Then the engineering panel went crazy. Lights flashed, an alarm sounded and Engineer Quinn yelled that the ship was being radio-controlled... from an area over 20 miles square. A city? Or just some computer banks, affected by the jolt? Adams had no time to theorize, as a deep, forceful voice blared through the ship's speaker-circuits: "SPACE-SHIP... IDENTIFY YOURSELF!" A voice... and it sounded human. Adams replied carefully, "This is United Planets Cruiser C-57-D. Who are you?" "Morbius," came the reply. "... of the Bellerophon."

Lt. Varian quickly checked the micro-records of Bellerophon personnel. Dr. Edward Morbius. PhD in literature, with an expert rating in languages and their origins.

—FROM LEAD TO
ALTIR FOUR—

Commander Adams announced his

mission on Altair Four and requested landing co-ordinates. A silence followed, after which Morbius recited a set of figures. All seemed routine, except for the strange, almost hostile tone of Dr. Morbius' voice. Then came the strong voice again, urging Adams to reconsider about landing and announcing that it would take no responsibility for the crew's safety if they did land. Adams clicked off the radio, but the co-ordinates into the ship's navigational computers and prepared for the landing.

Even before the sound of the engines died away, three sleek stairways descended from the interior of the saucer and touched the ground. After a year in outer space, Commander Adams and Lt. "Doc" Ockrow, (his medical officer, friend and confidante) walked in the view. "Look at the color of that sky," observed Adams. "But I'll still take blue." "I don't know," answered Doc. "I think a man could get used to this... grow to love it."

The crewmen were pointing to a cloud of advancing dust. It was coming toward them. As it neared it slowed down, and finally stopped just inches away from the huddled crew. A mountain of steel stepped down from the vehicle. With spinning discs, dancing patterns of light, small and precise movements and whirling gyroscopic lenses, it stood toward the men. Eight feet tall, looking as if it weighed a couple of tons, it stopped. The robot, built roughly in the shape of a human figure, announced, "For your convenience, I am programmed to respond to the name 'Robby.'" Then it gave a



"For your convenience," announces the one-robot welcoming committee, "I am positioned to report to the name Robby." The crew members of the United States Planet Cruiser C-57-D are in no position to argue.

polite little bow. All you could do was look at it and feel like laughing. That robot didn't know it, but it had just made 21 new friends.

A barrage of questions were aimed at the robot, who obviously spoke English. He (?) showed a more of humor by commenting on the high oxygen content of Altair Four: "I rarely use it myself, sir... it promotes rust."

Finally Robby invited Adams, Doc and Farniss into his vehicle. He would take them straight to Morbias in a ride so swift that without their seatbelts they would be thrown halfway across the desert. After security check-ins were arranged, the trip began.

The desert was a blur to Adams and his men, but Robby obviously knew the terrain and the ride was amazingly smooth. The vehicle slowed down near the edge of a clearing. A large circular house, designed like an umbrella to keep out the strong Altairian sunlight, could now be seen. It was here Adams, Farniss and Doc met Morbias for the first time.

—THE DEVIL AND DR. MORBIUS—

Dr. Morbias was bearded and vaguely resembled some ancient pictorialization of the devil. But his smile showed him to be a warm person. "Please forgive the ill manners of an old recluse, gentlemen," he said, beckoning the men into his living room. Robby followed.

Adams was still uneasy about Robby, mainly because of his great size. He was made even more uneasy when Morbias, sitting Adams watching his robot, explained that Robby was tremendously strong and was, in fact, capable of tipping the entire house off its foundations. But, Morbias added, a special safeguard was built into the mechanical man, to prevent him from being used for violence.

"May I have that formidable-looking ulcers of yours, Commander?" The question came as so much of a surprise to Adams, despite his suspicion, gave him his blaster to the aging scientist. Handing the gun to Robby, Dr. Morbias asked, "Do you understand the nature of the weapon?" "Yes, Morbias," Robby's machine-bass voice answered. "A single blaster." At a command from Morbias, the robot pointed the blaster toward a statue outside the open room. The beam shined from the gun, and struck the statue dead center, quickly spreading over the entire object. For an instant the statue was outlined in pale blue. Then the blue spread out in a sort of vapor that disappeared. The statue was gone along with it. Morbias spoke to the robot. "Now point it at the Commander. That's it. Steady. Aim right between the eyes."

Adams froze. Once more Morbias looked at Robby. "Fire!" he shouted. For an instant nothing happened. Then Robby's arm started to waver. Sparks began to appear in the robot's huge glass-encased head. The gyro went wild, sparks flying and outlining him in electronic flame. He was perfectly still now, and still shedding sparks. "Order cancelled," barked Morbias, and Robby handed the gun to the scientist, then



"Now point the weapon at the Commander..." orders the mysterious Dr. Morbias, the Bellerophon's sole survivor. "That's it... aim right between the eyes." But there's no danger... Robby's arm awkwardly pivots. "Morbias explains his second weapon. The through the aperture, it, and can fire."



limped weakly to a far corner of the room. Robby could not possibly harm anyone, even if ordered to. Most of the tension between Morbias and the men was gone now, though Adams still looked at the scientist through slightly narrowed eyes.

Now that the question of Robby had been settled, the question of what happened to the rest of the crew of the "Bellerophon" had to be tackled. Since their arrival on Altair Four, Adams and his men had heard only Morbias' voice, seen only the scientist and his robot. Where were all the others?

"Others? But there ARE no others, Commander. Before a single year had passed each and every one of them had succumbed to a frightening force. One by one my fellow crewmembers were found dead... torn literally limb from limb." Those who survived these terrible symptoms tried to leave Altair Four. They took a vote and everyone... everyone except Morbias and his wife... decided to return to Earth. But as they tried to take off in the Bellerophon, their ship was vaporized by some unseen force, killing all those on board. The shock had been too much for Mrs. Morbias, and she died of natural causes soon after the others. Morbias pointed to a nearby hillside, strewn with graves and monument stones. Nineteen years ago he had dug those graves with his own hands.



"Others... but there are no others, Commander! Before a single hour had passed, each and every one of them had succumbed to a strange, insensible loss." The symptoms were striking!" explains the brain-bounded survivor. "One by one, in spite of every safeguard, my co-workers were torn almost bodily from their beds!"

All instincts and opinions left Adams at that time, however, when from the corner of his eye he saw Robby.

-ENTER ALTAIRA-

A barefoot young woman with golden hair and movements as human as Robby's were mechanical. She wore a white mindrobe and to top it all off, she was quite beautiful.



But soon the developments get revealing as a mysterious Altaira damages the ship and mortifies the captain. "But if such a creature existed," points out the astute Jerry Farnes, "it should defy every known scientific law!"

"Gentlemen... my daughter, Altaira."

Before Mrs. Moribus had died, she'd given him a child. Growing up alone, with her father as the only human being around to talk to, she had made friends with Altair's animal life. Deer, moose, others in the lake and wild grow in this air. You'd think you were on Earth, to see the vegetation and the animals that thrashed around Moribus' home. Altair joined them shortly in the house, as a high-pitched beeping started to come from Adams' belt-radio. "Security check, Sir." Altaira beamed through the tiny but powerful device. Adams activated his television attachment. "Everything okay here, Quinn. As you can see, we are under no restraints whatsoever."

The situation on Altair had not been covered in Adams' report, so he was forced to construct a Cytotron relay transmitter to contact Earth. This would permit radio waves to travel faster than the speed of light, and reach Earth with only a minimum of waiting time. But it meant dismantling the propulsion section of their ship. They would be stranded for a time, along with that mysterious, concealed horror Moribus had tried to describe to them.

The job had been done, and the Monitor components, too large for storage inside the ship, were parked for the night just inside the force-field. Making sure that all hands were inside the area, Adams activated the field. Instantly the defense-perimeter posts surrounding the ship came to life and joined each other with glowing, deadly energy. Anything interrupting this energy flow would be violent to adjust.

-A VIOLENT VISITOR-

In the morning the field was shut off,

rushed to examine it, and found the unit working perfectly again. "Listen," one said to the other. "Did you hear anything just then... like a kind of breathing?" No, he hadn't. No more was said, and posts were resumed. No one noticed the ground at all.

There was a breathing. Big and noisy, accompanied by an electronic hum. And whenever the sound passed over the ground there appeared a hole in the shape of some huge, grotesque footprint. Something unseen had there, impossible but real, was walking slowly up the ship's stairs now, and turning the hatch-cover in the compartment where Engineer Quinn

Altaira, the daughter of Dr. Moribus and the planet's only other native, presents an unexpected development for the women stranded crew.

was sleeping. Then a piercing scream broke the night.

Adams' belt-audio came to life. Swirling the speaker on, he heard: "Skipper... Quinn... been murdered." Moribus watched as Adams and his men rose in one sweeping motion, and ran through the door into the interior. His face became contorted in fear and Altair covered near him as memories that were almost forgotten came back to frighten her. Morbus' lips parted, and he softly said, "It's started again!"

Surviving the danger, Adams feared over the impossibility and tragedy of it all. He hated to lose men; besides, now the ship's delicate equipment might never be repaired. It was time to pay another visit to Morbus. And this time they would leave with some answers!

It was late, and Adams and Doe were greeted at the door by Robby. "I am sorry, gentlemen," said the machine, "but I am restricted to admit no one at this hour." Guns were drawn from two holsters, but as Robby prepared to neutralize the weapons, Adams appeared. At once the robot lumbered off into a corner. Altair had told them that Dr. Morbus was in his study, the place where he had always spent most of his time. She had instructions not to enter there, and for the moment Adams honored the old man's privacy.

Suddenly Adams realized that much time had passed, and so sound had been heard from within Morbus' study. He rose and entered the room with Doe. There was a ceramic desk, walls that pictured the stars as seen from the Altair system, a couple of chairs, but no signs of Morbus. As Adams and Doe strove thereabout where the scientist might be, a stone wall slid open behind them, without a sound. Morbus stood in a passageway behind the wall. "You'll find the household robot in the living room, and my daughter's perch on her drawing table." Adams did not reply. "It means," said Morbus, "that the time has come for explanations." He could now see how obviously Adams distrusted him. He actually liked Adams and felt he owed him an explanation of the secrets that Altair Four had hidden for millions of years.

-KRELL SECRETS REVEALED-

"In times long past," Morbus began, "... this planet was the home of a race of beings who called themselves the Krell." The Krell... mysterious creatures who, after millennia of evolution, had long surpassed the human race in intelligence and everything else. "Long before the appearance of mankind, the Krell had visited the Earth, bringing back the animals you see," Morbus lifted a

after only a momentary short-circuit during which nothing was seen. But, visible or not, something had visited them... the communications device had been smashed by an expert. It would take Engineer Quinn a week to repair, if he could do anything with it at all. Adams patted Quinn on the shoulder and told him to do his best. He knew his engineer was a genius.

Now nothing remained for Adams to do but visit Morbus. So with Farnes and Doe Outow, he was off in the ship's tractor. Adams thought of Robby... the only creature they had seen on this planet capable of ripping ceilings and wirings apart, and of going through a force-field fence. Could be the amazing robot had the power of invisibility, too! Adams aimed to find out.

The evening turned out to be pleasant. Altair was there, and after Morbus learned of the damage, he volunteered Robby for any help in rebuilding their transmitter. Adams' suspicions were rapidly disappearing. Dr. Morbus seemed to want them to leave Altair Four as soon as possible, so he had no logical reason for sabotaging their equipment. Adams started to look elsewhere for his villain.

At the ship, there was another mysterious short-circuit. Two women

Adams goes to investigate but is barred by the loyal robot. "Sorry, sir," Robby explains, "I am restricted to admit no one at this hour. My doors are locked on your blast!"



Continued on page 29

Throughout the history of science fiction, Flash Gordon has been a most important character. He started in comic strip form back in the mid-1930's and since then has made his way into movie serials, comic books, television, radio and lots of other fields. He is a classic character in a science fiction world, already replete with super-men, super-pilots and super-lovers.

Flash's success might be partially attributed to his great combination of these assets. Along with his ever-present companions—delirious Dale Arden, Doctor Zharkov,

assorted enemies and most of all the hateful Ming, The Merciless—he has captured the hearts of millions. HERITAGE is devoted solely to Flash Gordon for that reason. His reputation is so great, so overwhelming, that a publication like HERITAGE was simply something that had to be done.

And, in typical fashion, THE MONSTER TIMES is there to cover the earth-shattering publication of HERITAGE. Top-notch fanzine expert Robert Napier looks at all the angles of Flash and Flash Gordon.

THE WHY OF ALL

"FLASH"

by Robert S. Napier

Vou're a young college man in the year 1935, a gifted scholar and a superb athlete. You're dying home for a final family reunion—final, because life on Earth is about to be destroyed by the influence of a huge asteroid doing in on your planet, causing Mother Nature to run completely amok.

There's a girl on the airplane with you. She has hair like white cornsilk, lips full and sensuous and a sweet, supple body that fairly sings with soft femininity. You look at her and she looks back.

Suddenly, the airplane lurches in a storm brought on by the asteroid. Over the intercom comes a command to bail out and you slip into your parachute. You look to the girl and see she is having trouble with hers. Without hesitating, you scoop her into one arm and leap from the doomed skyship.

Upon landing, you notice two things: One, a strange-looking aircraft stationed a short distance away, and two, a man stepping from the hushier holding a gun on you. The man and the aircraft belong to one another, he says, and he accuses you of coming down to sabotage his plans to fly the ship to the asteroid, remove it from its proximity to Earth, and save the planet.

You continue him otherwise, telling him of your own in-flight dilemma. After all, you had little to say about where you landed once you left the airplane. The gun is lowered. What does it matter, anyway, he says, as his pistol thickens out at the last minute and he'll never be able to reach the asteroid without help.

You understand and volunteer to help him fly his spaceship on one condition: The girl goes along. After all, Earth isn't the safest place for her at the moment.

It's agreed, you'll all go. The man introduces himself as Dr. Zharkov, a scientist; the girl is Dale Arden. And you, you're Flash Gordon.

The rest is history. No, more than history; it's excitement, drama, incredible space opera and adventure. The asteroid, of course, is really the planet Mongo and it's purposely being placed to upset Earth's gravity and cause earthquakes, storms and floods by the coldest and most cunning villain in the universe, Ming the Merciless.

So introduces the story of Flash Gordon to the cinema serials. And Flash

DALE: "My hero... I
When I wake up,
remember me to flash again..."

FLASH: "Heary..."

David Crawford
is the artist responsible
for this person portrait
of Flash
in one of his
numerous classic
horror poses.
Date, however,
seems unimportant.

Gordon, friends, is what HERITAGE is all about.

You probably know the history of Flash Gordon: began as a newspaper comic strip in 1934 by Alex Raymond, then picked up by Universal Studios a couple of years later and turned into the greatest screen serial of all times. Flash has made several comic book incarnations over the years as well.

WAY OF ALL FLASH

HERITAGE is an impressive vehicle with a countdown of super-talent that launches us into the world of Flash Gordon and company with a powerful thrust. Even the name—HERITAGE—is a good one. Indeed, what finer heritage do we have but the dreams and schemes of our early mythmakers? And this magazine tells the story with depth and dignity. An excellent compendium of 20th Century Americana.

Look at the cover. The original Flash in a drawing by his late and great creator, Alex Raymond. There he stands in full color glory, sword in hand, upon the barren and entire world of Mongo. It's so simple a scene yet so stirring, an artistic summary of all the exciting adventures which will unfold this exceptional being.

Crack open the magazine and inside you'll find some of the finest tributes to Flash Gordon and the people associated with his name that have ever appeared in one place.

The best way to describe the contents of HERITAGE are as "appreciations." HERITAGE is a series of appreciations set forth by some of the top talent in the graphic world of today, each saying his own thanks and paying his own tribute in his own way.

Jeff Jones starts things off with "Flash Gordon Faxes Reality," a strip which



One of TMT's favorite artists, Frank Bruner, executed the screen-packed panel, excerpted here from his last-but-not-least Heritage strip, "A Funny Thing Happened On the Way To Mongo!" Frank has some last-out fantasies in store for this publication, too, including a novel Western Westernoff strip next to appear in an upcoming issue of TMT. As the old E.C. Walsh would put it... "be sure to keep an eye out."



Luciano Jeff Jones, another frequent TMT contributor, uses a renaissance of dialogue to achieve a maximum of excitement in his Heritage offering, "Flash Gordon Faces Reality," in which the costumed crusader makes a startling discovery (Sure, but you'll have to get a hold of Heritage to share Flash's surprise.)

bring: Flash and friends into contact with another outward explorer of later fame. On the heels of this is a full page illustration of Flash holding a screaming Dale Arden as depicted by the master of the fine line illustration, Reed Crandall.

Following Reed is TMT's Allen Asherman with an article entitled, "Flash Gordon: Super-Serial." Old Allen hasn't lost his terrific touch who is coming to writing a clear and captivating article and this one has him telling it like it was about the cast, crew, sets, props, plots, special effects, and even the music from the Flash flicks. After's work is liberally spotted with stills showing Flash, Dale, Zerkon, Ming, Prince Barin, Vulkan, Than the Lion Man, and High Priest Tso, to name a few.

Coming back with a strip is fantastic Frank Brunzer with a humorous piece called Smash Gordon, in, "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Mongo." This time, Smash and crew encounter some fictional space explorers of modern times and it turns out to be bad news for our silver-crested space hero.

Following this is HERITAGE's first portfolio, an eyeopener by graphic giant Gray Morrow. Gray shows scenes of Flash in Mongo's jungle, undersea kingdom and the life of Ming himself. A truly engaging eye-feel.

BUSTER TELLS ALL

But what good is a magazine devoted to Flash Gordon without a talk with Flash himself? Not much, huh? Well, it appears the guys at HERITAGE are inclined to agree because they managed to hustle up a first for themselves in the form of a genuine interview with one other than The King of the Serials, Flash is the Flash, Buster Crabbe.

And as if this wasn't enough, the interview is conducted by the world's biggest fan of Flash and Alex Raymond, Al Williamson. Al is the perfect choice for

the job (and he gets a nice assist from Doug Menemy) since it was Al who drew



England's Flash, Buster Crabbe, as he appears today—one of the Global Generation's hardest specimens—in the role of cowboy star "Duke Montana" in Henry (THIS PROJECTIONIST) Hurnia's upcoming comedy, THE COMEBACK TRAIL. due to be released in the "Year Future."

many of the comic book appearances of Flash Gordon and Al's drawing style is patterned after the following lines and graceful compositions of the early work of Alex Raymond. Williamson gained much of his reputation working for the classic EC Science Fiction comic books and has gone on to take over the Secret Agent Codigan syndicated newspaper strip.

So here we have Al Williamson, interviewer, the man who most identifies with the creator of Flash Gordon, and Buster Crabbe, afterwards, the man who, for all intents and purposes, is the

character of Flash Gordon. It's a match made in heaven and what follows is a must for every Flash fan in the world.

The talk opens with Buster explaining how he managed to snag the role of Flash—something he didn't think he had a chance of doing—and from there he leads and is led into such topics as his work in Tarzan and his experiences with other screen Tarzans (he roomed with Bruce Bennett and nearly drowned Johnny Weissmuller while filming the movie SWAMPFIRE), the Billy the Kid serial ("Some of those things we did in four days! Ride the horse, fight like the Devil,

Ring Ring—that's it"), his TV series, Captain Gallant of the Foreign Legion (asked who his favorite person to work with was: "That's easy. My son in Captain Gallant."), and he further covers everything from his days as an Olympic swimming star to his current work. And Buster's schedule is no less hectic now than it was when they were drawing out the Billy the Kid serial. Aside from being an executive in a home swimming pool company, Buster is in demand as a campus lecturer. No doubt the sociolops boom plays a role in those latter appearances, but he's a lively and



"You shoulda known me in the old days, Gordon. Girls usets flock 'round me like flies to a corpse!" sez Ming who could use some grammar lessons!

The glibless Flash Gordon often had a hard time holding onto Dale Arden. Here we see Vulkan, king of the Howlers, trying to marry her, while the Gray Howlers dance to the right shows Ming being his usual over-the-top self, attempting to abduct a dark-skinned Dale.



The Monster Times BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT



No. 1, Collector's Edition (Kong, etc.), \$2. Monstrous preview with commentary on the universe of King Kong, MOSFERIATU, and THE GOLEM. Also, THE GOLEM, art by Boris Weyhsan and Gary Murray, a review of THINGS TO COME and a special treasure of Back Pages.



No. 2, STAR TREK, Special, \$2. A special issue devoted to all aspects of STAR TREK. The Star Trek Saga, THE ENTERPRISE's greatest moments, an interview with Capt. Kirk, the last day of the ENTERPRISE, STAR TREK comics, and a special parody, STAR YECOH! Star Trek Lives!



No. 3, Giant BUGS on the March, \$1. Our all bug issue. Review of the great bug movie, THEM, bighorns in the comics, Mashroom Monsters, part two of EDNA'S SAVIOURS, and THE EMPIRE OF THE ANTS by H.G. Wells. Plus a Rich Hammer comic strip and a tremendous Kong cartoon.



No. 4, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, \$1. Aired review of the BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, features on THE PULPS, comic book's GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW, and E.C. novel TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Plus the ten greatest horror flicks of 1931, DRACULA goes to court and Jeff Jones comic art in color.



No. 5, CREATURE, Festival, \$1. Astro-biography and one-field of the one and only CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. Also, an exclusive interview with Joe Kalam, author-art-editor of the new TAZAN comic, review of the STAR TREK comic, EDWARDS' new bar comic, Jeff Jones comic.



No. 6, ZOMBIES on Parade, \$1. A survey of all the zombies in movies, plus the ASTRO ZOMBIES and THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. A feature on zombies in the comics, a review of Boris Weyhsan's BAOTIME STORIES, and a Ben Olson comic strip. Plus a perfectly foul zombie cartoon.



No. 7, GODZILLA, \$3. The king of the monsters gets his own issue, complete with past feature and editorial centerpiece. The King Kong Commercial for Volkswagen, King Kong comics, the Comic Art Awards, Mashroom Monsters, Hot Prints, DARK DOMAINS by Gary Hammer and more.



No. 8, HAMMER Horrors, \$2. All Hammer, All Horror! An exclusive interview with Chris Lee, the CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF comic strip, THE HORROR OF DRACULA filmbook, The Hammer Checklist, The Beasties of the Best and much more. Horror giant!



No. 9, SCI-FI Special, \$2. THIS ISLAND, EARTH 2001, A SPACE ODYSSEY. Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, sci-fi in the comics, a Medusa cartooned, semi-revived, and introducing THE SPACE GIANTS.



No. 10, Eekaboo E.C. Comics, \$1.99. The Witches revisited in an exclusive interview, Collector's Guide to the Witches, The E.C. Horror comic book, The Seven of Dr. Weyhsan and an exclusive interview with Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein. And art like you wouldn't believe!



No. 11, PLANET OF THE APES filmbook, exclusive Dipsale interview, Hammer's Blood movie, NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS, Conan the Conqueror, the new Graham Guller's Comic Show, Tales of Witch Willow and, First the Cat comes, and much more in Mixed Bag.



No. 12, GORGEDUS GORGON, \$1. Special issue celebrating Gorge filmbook and centerpiece. Part Two of BLOOD series, Behind The Planet of the Apes, E.C.N., Smash's History of Comics and much more in a grab bag special.



No. 13, SPIDER MAN SPECIAL. Interviews, art, portraits, an SPIDER MAN, Monster Movie, Gorb, Doc Pibben, Captain Will Vicious, more from the BLOOD Series, and a special report on COMIC COMING also UFO, a new T.V. show.



No. 14, THE WOLFMAN! \$1. Complete WOLFMAN filmbook, Peter Cushing interview, Godzilla's to TMT colors, CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, Behind the Scenes of SILENT RUNNING, FRODO, and the debut of The Monster Movie comic. Plus The People Vs. The Phoenix in mixed bag issue.



No. 15, VALLEY OF GWANGU, \$1. Spookbuster feature and centerpiece of the ever-popular Valley of Gwangu. Also included a survey of samples in the comic, review of a Laverne's feature and Plant Monsters. Plus interview with Alfred Hitchcock, Eleanor, Godzilla and Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things.



No. 16, MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, \$1. Special election issue-Godzilla announces his candidacy for President. To celebrate, there's a GODZILLA F.O.P. PRESIDENT centerpiece. MIGHTY JOE YOUNG has his say in our feature story, comic go to college campaign, a review of PHASE MAGAZINE, Dr. Pibben makes a comeback and a mess of other good things in another mixed bag issue.

THE MONSTER TIMES P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station New York, N.Y. 10011		17
I enclose \$..... for the issues indicated. Please Rush this order for me right away!		
NAME _____		
ADDRESS _____		
CITY _____		
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____		

entertaining enough gentleman to his own right to irritate any fed. I know, because I had the opportunity to see Buster when he appeared as the guest of honor at the 1970 Southwest Con in Oklahoma City. It was apparent that he'd never been to a collector's convention before and the initial impact of the scene had an obvious effect on him.

"I don't know what to say, I never knew anything like this existed. This is great."

GENIAL CRABBE

But after repeating a few lines like that a couple of times over, he came out of shock and proved to be the most engaging and entertaining speaker I've ever heard at a con. He held the audience spellbound for hours with anecdotes and recollections that spanned the past forty years of his life.

Buster Crabbe, although he is now over sixty years of age, could still slip back into his original Flash Gordon suit and fasten every button. His frame is still that of an athlete's: squared, broad shoulders, slim waist, no flab or excess baggage. His hair still runs thick and waxy across his head and there is a bounce and kick to his step. You can see or sense all of this in the HERITAGE interview. There are a flock of photos showing Buster as he looks today and his easy-going talk, good humor and quick mind make you feel you are right there listening to him speak.

Naturally, the interview is loaded with clips and photos from an array of Crabbe classics: Flash, of course, Tarzan, Billy the Kid, Captain Gallant, Swampfire and, perhaps more importantly, some scenes from a new, unexplored movie called *The Conestock Trail*, directed by Harry (The Projectionist) Harwitz.

It states Buster is a role that should fit him like a glove, that of an old serial star needed to work in a western because the producers are looking for someone who stands a chance of getting injured, thereby collecting a fat insurance payoff. Buster suits. *The Conestock Trail* a big challenge for him and promises it to be a very funny movie. Keep an eye out for it.

The interview closes with these words: "We at HERITAGE have found much to admire in Buster, and wish him nothing but the best in the years to come." That's a sentiment echoed by all of us here at TMT, also.

Well, that's a tough act to follow, so what comes up next is a portfolio by a guy who's used to felling giants in and out of the graphics industry, Dr. Kenneth Smith. Ken comes through with a four-page portfolio of Flash on Mongo during in his own inimitable style. Ken doesn't depict Flash as we're used to seeing him, but the good Doc's artwork is



On view here is an excerpt from Mike Kaluta's strip, "Flash Gordon." Mike's formidable frames once earned him a nomination as Best Young Talent from the Comic Book Academy and his first original artwork has graced the pages of the publication in the past as well.

such that it requires a close examination by everyone. I'd prescribe it, but you'll have to make your own diagnosis.

Behind Smith is the last of HERITAGE's interiors featuring a strip by someone who is one of the most promising young talents in the graphic industry today—Mike Kaluta. Mike's strip has Flash trapped in a runaway spacecraft zooming through the great city of Mongo. Here just missing a tower, there dashing beneath a bridge, all the while dodging people diving for cover as it jets through streets and gaudes barely a few feet from the ground until, inevitably, it spins and crashes in a fiery finish. Flash's limp body is recovered but there is no hope. Meanwhile, watching all this on a viewer from his hospital bed where he lays old and dying is Ming the Merciless. He seizes the moment as long as he can and then, happy that he has seen the demise of his hated foe, he slips quietly into death. But that's not the end of the story. For that, you have to see HERITAGE.

Oh yeah, in case you're not sold on the book yet, take a gander at what's on the back cover. A rendition of Flash "Buster" Gordon by the biggest badness of them all, Frank Frazetta. Frank's back cover job is done in pencil and allows him a chance to do a portrait with excellent tonal values.

FLASH IS FOREVER

So that, good people, is what HERITAGE has in store for you as well as a few goodies I haven't mentioned.

You say you like monsters? Too take a good look at the artwork with all of the spiky, crazy, winged and wild wooden lumbering across the alien empire of the malcontent Ming.

You say you want science fiction? Brother, this is the granddaddy of them all! Sleek, finned rockets, beautiful girls, ray guns, the light bridge, creatures that defy description, a tyrant bent upon conquering the entire universe and a dashing hero who seems the living definition of the word "good!"

You want great artwork? Look all you want, you'll have a hard time finding better.

You like a magazine which is going to last a while? HERITAGE was only the finest reproduction available, extra heavy stock paper and those skills are as true to the original 8 X 10 glossy as they could be.

There's no doubt about it, HERITAGE is going to become a real collector's item in a few years. You have nothing to lose and a lot to gain by investing the \$3.95 in it, so, of course, check out the ad for HERITAGE on page 25 and charge up that reagan, strap yourself into the cockpit, begin the countdown, push the button and get ready to launch yourself into the vastness of space. We're going to Mongo and we want you there when we face the proportions of the jungle, the lurking dangers of the endless kingdom and the peril and pitfalls set to snare us by that evil incarnate, Ming the Merciless. And don't worry too much about the risk, once Flash Gordon's gonna be with us every step of the way.

To the Editor...
MONSTER TIMES
Box 595
Old Chelsea Sta.
New York 10011

A SCI-FI FANATIC

Dear People,

The Monster Times is fantastic! I especially liked your sci-fi section. I hope the last little paragraph on "The Day the Earth Stood Still" won't be all you'll have to say about it.

The review of John Baxter's Science Fiction in the Cinema surprised me. I thought the book was quite good throughout and I didn't weighly analyze it of films as much as the next person. Your reviewer is incorrect, by the way, when the states the book is all we have. *Steno Vute Ltd.* just last year published *Dennis Gifford's Science Fiction Film*, a very sturdy work, and of course there is *Cosmo Classics' book* on the horror film which includes an excellent chapter on sci-fi. "Keep Watching the Sky" incidentally, I agree with Mr. Baxter's evaluation of *STAR TREK*. As much as I enjoyed the show in its first season I could not honestly say it was consistently good, or nearly as good thereafter, nor that it was the best television of series. Which brings me to a request I'd like to see an article soon on *THE OUTER LIMITS*, which I also think represents TV sci-fi at its best. (General TV and movie fans might note, too, how many now-famous actors and actresses appeared in the series—Martin Landau, Robert Darrel, Selly Kellerman, William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy—and how many talented non-stars appeared in it—the late Steve Ihse, Ariane Miel, Warren Stevens, Robert Webber, to name a few.) I know it's unnecessary to ask you to keep up the good work. With your fine staff, you can't do anything else!

Sincerely
Arlene Lo
Flamvyn, N.Y.

Thanks for the all those compliments, and we'll certainly try to live up to all your kudos. Concerning excellent science-fiction books, we did review *SCIENCE FICTION FILM* all the way back in issue 14.

And since you mentioned it, Robert Cray, David McCullough, Eddie Arnold and Robert Vaughn also appeared in adventures of *THE OUTER LIMITS*. And, in view of its popularity, the show is still making the television rounds in syndication. And, for all you *OUTER LIMITS* bugs, a story is forthcoming in TMT 19.

Send us as many letters, postcards, boasts, denunciations, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011



MONSTERS FROM THE MOVIES

Is your monster collection suffering from a lack of new material? Is the dust collecting where books should be? Well, THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem. It's a 160 page soft-bound book packed with movie reviews, fun facts, and illustrations, the ultimate source of the movie monsters.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

We have known you loved from the 19th century to the present. It has been all, Frankenstein, Wolf Man, Dracula, Dr. Cyclops, King Kong and dozens of others.

MONSTERS FROM THE MOVIES is available from THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY for only \$2.95 and 25 cents postage. And, as a final comment, we may remind you that the front cover is illustrated by the famous Robert Quackenbush. So, we ask you, how can you go wrong? Get it!

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem. It's a 160 page soft-bound book packed with movie reviews, fun facts, and illustrations, the ultimate source of the movie monsters.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

When the subject of science fiction and television arises (as whenever it not), there is one name that is likely to be mentioned first and most... and that name is Rod Serling. Rod is the man responsible for two of the tube's most popular weekly forays into the unknown, TWILIGHT ZONE and NIGHT GALLERY, and has also won respect and admiration for his movie scripts and teleplays, not to mention commercials (and if we were a bit kinder, we wouldn't try to find out to find out more about Rod Serling, we dispatched TMT Media Editor, Allen Leader, to investigate the prolific writer who has probably done more than any other individual to foster sci-fi and fantasy on the tube, establishing fertile cases of entertainment in the normally barren soil of that infamous west wasteland. After spending several further nights slaving over the hot typewriter that sits in a dusty corner of his underground crypt, Rod Allen Leader has completed the TMT report on the most talked about science fiction writer in the history of mass media.

Rod Serling

Rodman Serling was born in Syracuse, New York on Christmas day of 1924. He grew up with his older brother Bob as the atmosphere of a quiet suburban town, representing a childhood reminiscent of that of the boys in Ray Bradbury's book SOMETHING EVIL THIS WAY COMES. Rod found himself all alone enough, though... hearing adult profanity, when he was burned from a non-lethal high school injury. Shortly after he discovered the terrible evils of World War II when he served as a paratrooper in the Pacific, making over 40 jumps into a very bad kind of hell. In 1945, his father passed away and Rod was forced out of what he remembers as a "hell of a good job" at a small retail station in Cincinnati.

For a few weeks Rod tried psychology as an effort to cope with this gift of personal freedom. But even though he gave up the notion, that gift of his writing is clearly in evidence. His characters are usually colorful and consistently motivated and his words reveal the writer's own psychological processes at all times. These processes are evidently the work of a writer who knows his own mind and

The venerable Vienna Film was named to review the new season addition of NIGHT GALLERY as we spoke earlier. "The Return of the Sorcerer" is addition to the venerable Vienna NIGHT GALLERY has played host to such other notable additions as: Gene Gerrard, George Hutton, Agnes Moorehead, Adam Rothenberg, Mike, Victor Seidman, and Pat Boone.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem. It's a 160 page soft-bound book packed with movie reviews, fun facts, and illustrations, the ultimate source of the movie monsters.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

NOT ROD SERLING

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem. It's a 160 page soft-bound book packed with movie reviews, fun facts, and illustrations, the ultimate source of the movie monsters.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

THE MONSTER TIMES ROCKEY has the answer for your problem.

mean to the average writer? He can, for the most part, write only about things that are hard, controversial, safe and completely uncommercial. Before his script goes before the camera, the networks, the sponsors, the ad agency must review it. So that by the time it's seen on the home screen, the example of all the quality has been squeezed out of it.

In a case in point, Serling was asked to write a play for "PLAYHOUSE 90" about mass prejudice. He wrote a script that was rejected. He was told to write a play. All except one of the sponsors rejected the play. All the money Serling had given could be that it will not be produced.

Mr. Serling says he's not allowed to use the script of "PLAYHOUSE 90" as it is the only one that is particularly one of the decisions involving the new half-hour episode that he produced in September. Although he owns the show, Serling says he hasn't been able to "sell" a script to the series for several years.

"They" is, naturally, referring to NBC and Universal Studios executives in Hollywood, "supposedly" said to make it a predictable thing, a formula one. Serling wants to deal with social issues in a thoughtful, thoughtful manner while the networks presumably feel

What makes the *Somatos* robot run? The thought that some living things might be understood, apparently. This came in particular mind by the 19th-century generation of scientific men and poets.

THE MONSTER TIMES BOOKSHELF

Where can you get the latest and greatest books, posters, and other assorted goodies in available on this or any other world? There's only one place we know of . . . and we've been around . . . and that's the MONSTER TIMES

BOOK SHELF. The MONSTER TIMES BOOK SHELF is always filled to overflowing with the finest books and posters imaginable. If you don't believe us, then take a look at the list below!



BALTSMAN

382 pages of the devil
Cruizer in color and
black and white. Four
years of The Batman
with art by comic
monsters Bob Kane,
Jerry Robinson, Neal
Adams and many
others. Introduction by
E. Nelson. Englewood
writer and editor of the
Batman Newspaper
Strip. Hardcover with
full color dust-jacket
... \$8.95 + \$1.00
postage.



**HISTORY OF COMICS
VOLUME II.**
The second volume in the series, this book covers the period from 1945 to 1965. It is a hardcover book with 320 pages, priced at \$24.95.



MARVEL SUPERHERO POSTERS:
Eight of Marvel's
Most Important Heroes—Thor



PHANTASMAGORIA I Dr. Kenneth Smith, the master of fantasy conjures up a menagerie of fanciful stories written and drawn to bring total enjoyment. See funny monsters, ugly monsters, wispy monsters, pretty monsters and down-right monstrous monsters... \$3 + 25¢

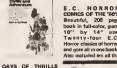


**ROBERT KLINE
PORTFOLIO**
Full-color cover boasts
this magnificent past
beautiful collection of
women, villains,
monsters, Disney
warlocks and a whole
men of other genres
bookies. Not for the
faint of heart...\$2.50
+ 25¢ postage.



reprints... \$3 + 25¢ postage.

BURTON ALPHE



POPEYE
World's most famous



FACTION STORIES
Berni Wrightson, the
barbaric one, produces
a ranch churning
masterpieces guaranteed
to chill the soul.
Beautifully done color
cover and simply
amazing interior
graphics. See a complete
review in TMT B.L. #5 +
25¢ postage.



701,0400 19 000,00-0 200-F
 84,000000 00 0,00-0 200-F
 000-F
 1000 000,00 00 000,00-0 000-0 70
 1,00 000,000000 0 00,00-0 70-F
 0000 00,00 0 00-F
 00 00 00-F
 0,00 00 00-F
 0000 00 00-F
 000000 0000 0 00 0000 0 00-F



■■■■■■■■

[illegible]

	
<p>FLASH GORDON IN THE ICE KINGDOM Flash and the gang versus the evil hordes of Ming, The Menzies. Thrills and chills galore as Ming sets up traps for our intrepid trio. Also you'll never see an ice kingdom until you've seen one (drawn by Alan Raymond). Hardcover ...\$12.95 + 76¢</p>	<p>FLASH GORDON INTO THE WATER WORLD Flash and his amazing companions, Gordo, Arden and Gooty. Gordo, plunger was the hero of the water world. Flash is the hero of Mongo to find excitement and adventure...and death! Hardcover ...\$12.95 + 76¢</p>



A THOUSAND AND ONE DELIGHTS
Over 250 titles of those old-favorite movies from the 1940's. Tact by Alan G. Barber, the foremost expert on films of the 40's. 306 pages of funnies, anecdotes and the swiftest all in one book. . . \$3.95



THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BUCK ROGERS
Massive, 380-page book in color and black and white reprinting all the classic Buck Rogers newspaper strips. The first of comic characters is still a marvel even forty years after his debut. Color evens out and outshines... \$7.99



Drive Gyl, Sweepers,
Grandpa, Poppye,
Bruke, the Sea-Witch
and all the others in
this thrilling high-sea
adventure. Hardcover
...\$7.95 + 80¢
postage.



poverty, injustice, crime in the streets. Join them on their search for the real America edited by Denny O'Neill stories and Neal Adams artwork... 75 cents + 25¢ postage.

● THE MONSTER TIMES BOOKSHELF ● P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011

Where do you go to get the latest and greatest in the wide world of weird books? Why, **THE MONSTER TIMES BOOK SHELF** of course! And here's a sampling of the new titles:

[illegible]

★★★★★★★★★★

Well, it looks like the heat is on in what will surely be recorded as the most bizarre election in American history, one which will see monsters from such far-flung locales as Japan, Skull Island, and Washington, O.C. compete for presidential honors. The first of the above-mentioned, Godzilla, announced his candidacy several weeks ago (see TMT 16), followed shortly by the second, King Kong, while the third, incumbent R.M. Nixon, has been running as long as anyone now living can remember. For a full report on the latest developments in this unorthodox campaign, here is TMT political correspondent J.J. Kane...

Ever since that fateful day when Godzilla announced his candidacy for the office of President of the United States, politicians, citizens, and media folk alike have been following the Green Beast's campaign with a fascination sometimes bordering on sheer morbidity. Shortly after 'God' (as he is affectionately called by admirers) got his campaign underway, another unlikely candidate surfaced in the person of King Kong. Further complications ensued in this already unorthodox presidential race when Kong chose the controversial Mighty Joe Young as his running mate. Undocumented but persistent allegations that Young had once been given shock therapy treatments for injuries sustained during a fall from a burning orphanage resulting in a "severe loss of moral imperative" arose almost immediately, casting an additional pall over the already awkward efforts of the team to secure public support. The team is running under the banner of the MLF (Monster Liberation Front) but have been accused by many members of the Monster subculture of not representing their desires and of not being concerned with their needs. In a recent televised press conference, incumbent R.M. Nixon, without mentioning any names, cast implicit aspersions on both Godzilla and Kong when he called for "extensive revisions of existing immigration laws."

LACKS BROAD BASE

Kong has also been widely criticized for his reluctance to deal with the broader issues currently troubling our times. His campaign has thus far addressed itself almost exclusively to the plight of the ape in American society and many critics feel that in so doing he has succeeded in alienating the sizable human section of the population. His campaign has also come under considerable fire from Women's Lib spokeswomen who have been quick to label him a "male chauvinist ape," as well as from opponents on both the left and right sides of the shaky political fence the King has been straddling who have termed him a "sheep in wolf's clothing" and "an aggressive woolly-minded political hack." "Kong certainly has his cut worked out for him," snarled one opposition worker (who wishes to remain anonymous), implying that rumors surrounding the King's alleged mishandling of campaign funds might be more than just rumors.



GOOZILLA "Give me your poor and headless nation—this campaign has really worked up my appetite."



NIXON "It is not now, nor has it ever been, my intention to visit apartment upon the reputation or character of any of my opponents in the current presidential race."



GOOZILLA GAINS SUPPORT

Godzilla, whose candidacy was announced weeks in advance of Kong's, has so far managed to garner a greater support from a broader segment of the voting public, according to current polls at least. The results of the most recent poll, which included a majority of humans along with a sprinkling of "others," ran something like the following:

GOOZILLA CAMPAIGN POLL

Agree/Disagree/Not Sure			
Feel that he is competent and intelligent	100%	95%	92%
Surely to shake American public, not just members of Monster Subculture	58%	2%	93%
Probably has had faults	100%	0%	94%
It is too big for his own boots	30%	8%	91%
"Was it not for America?"	70%	100%	93%
Looks exactly	70%	9%	93%
Should be eliminated from race because he is not a naturalized citizen	4%	10%	96%
Would probably see the office of president to further his own ends	58%	11%	94%
Is something "fuzzy" about him	8%	0%	97%
You have answered these questions honestly and to the best of your ability	70%	2%	95%



MIGHTY JOE "You won't find ME spang the weakness of the current administration."



MCGOVERN "This land is... my land. The land belongs to... me."



MCGOVERN "This land is... my land. The land belongs to... me."

One thing the poll makes clear beyond a doubt is that the majority of Americans are not very sure about anything. However, of those who have been following the campaign, more cast positive rather than negative comments.

Godzilla won kudos from people of otherwise widely differing political opinions when he patted his great green stomach bravely and announced that, "from here on, all nuclear testing will be done internally." "If he can swallow the problem of nuclear testing," said one previously uncommitted politician, "then I can swallow the idea of his being president of these United States."

That Godzilla has devoted a good deal of energy to appealing to the human portion of the populace cannot be denied. "Do you realize," he pointed out during a recent press conference, "that mad doctor's assistants are not coaxed under the present administration's guaranteed minimum wage laws?" And this is only one instance of the Green Beast's determination to bring previously closed issues out into the bright light of day. Already Godzilla's campaign has won him unparalleled support from the ranks of the Monster subculture. When members of the AMA (American Madmen's Association) voted unanimously to switch their votes from incumbent Nixon to Godzilla, the Green Beast was so overwhelmed that sides announced that he couldn't comment on the decision just then as he was "feeling an emotion."

★★★★★★★★★★

UTTER CHAOS

Meanwhile, at King Kong's headquarters, a TMT correspondent reported that the scene there was one of "utter chaos." Apes of every description were milling about the rooms, grunting odes, making cryptic, exaggerated hand gestures, and manning the dixer cogs looped with strings that are serving as Kong's primitive switchboard system. Thick to the walls were a variety of inspirational slogans reading DON'T JUST THINK—CONCENTRATE. SAY IT SLOW. AND TO DO IT RIGHT IS OUTTASITE.

Outside the offices, Kong had stationed himself in front of his illegally parked VW, flanked by running mate Joseph (Mighty Joe) Young and several high-ranking aides. The tall, ruggedly handsome, scantily clad candidate drew an outstated bullhorn up to his loose, rubbery lips and began to address the sparse crowd that had gathered there.

"I guarantee" boomed the sonorous Kong to the small gathering of simians who seemed more involved in picking unidentified insect life off each other's torsos than in listening to vainglorious campaign promises, "that if I am elected, you'll never find me spang the mistakes of the present administration. I guarantee that if I am elected there will be a banana in every paw, a missionary in every pot, a..."

The King went on making similar promises, promises that sounded, to our reporter's ears, as less than empty as any that have ever been uttered in the dizzying delirium of a raging case of ego fever.

"And, in conclusion," Kong concluded, "I believe that every American, regardless of race, creed, color, sex, species or national origin, has got the God given right to crawl on his OWN TWO KNEES!"

Following Kong's speech, the unprompted street podium was turned over to MLF Vice-presidential candidate Mighty Joe Young, a smallish simian with a dynamic manner and sincere, sparkling eyes.

"I am not thinking," Mr. Young told the small but ever-diminishing crowd, "of myself. Nor am I primarily concerned with the future of our party. What I am concerned about is the plight of the little ape... the little tree-owner... the little working ape who, after a hard day of sweat and toil, is forced to return to his modest, heavily mortgaged home, who is forced to face the little miaz, who is forced to look in to the abject, fearful eyes of the little ones, and bitterly declare: 'Yes, we have NO bananas!'"

An appreciative snarl of recognition erupted from what remained of the crowd, as several of their number began repeating Young's rallying cry—one that we might soon hear chanted wherever disgruntled gorillas get together.

Till next time...

Godzilla

SEND ALL YOUR MANGY MAIL TO... THE BIG G!
c/o The Monster Times, Box 595,
Old Chelsea Station,
NYC 10011



Every field of endeavour has its gathering place—the one time every so often that all members of the group come together to discuss their mutual interest. The political parties discussed politics and electioneering at their Miami Beach conventions, shoe salesmen gather in Houston every year, comic fans from around the country trek to New York, and on and on. The Science Fiction enthusiasts of the world are no different; this year over 2000 of them converged on Los Angeles, California for the 30th Annual World Science Fiction Convention.

They got together to talk about the new trends in the field, award honors to deserving writers and artists, hear panels on science fiction, and generally just get together to chew the proverbial fat. TNT West Coast correspondent (who also happens to write such comic books as *Super-Goof*, *The Chan Clan* and *The Osmond Brothers*) Mark Evario was there, and he filed this exclusive report with our vast Los Angeles bureau.



Courtesy Hall took the "MOST BEAUTIFUL COSTUME (Male)" award for his court masterwork, "THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH," while the "MOST HUMOROUS" Production Award went to those two gay babes, FAHROD and THE GAY NOUSER, here enacted by Russ Hunsen and Jerry Jacks. (Oh well, we at TNT could never understand what's supposed to be as funny about humor artists. Scott Shaw walked off with "MOST REVOLUTIONARY" costume award. You can, too, if you cover your body with paint and hair!)

WORLD CON REPORT

Mark Evario



The best of Show award went to Tim and Julie Zell as KER-NU-MOS and KER-NU-MEN. That's a real name on the staff, just like we get at THE MONSTER TIMES. Also if only we had some ladies, too...

The thirtieth World Science-Fiction Convention related to Los Angeles this year, just a store's throw from the roulettes wheel that Mayor Yorty laudably calls an airport. The Mayor also designated it as "Science-Fiction Week," which would have been a nice gesture, if he'd bothered to tell anyone about it. I found that bit of information listed on page 133 of the Worldcon program book between an ad for Mr. Speck party house (it runs, but you don't get emotional about it) and a recruiting pitch for the Harlem Land of the Rumpus club. (You never heard of the Tolkens Maypole?)

It was a typical convention—the kind where things start on slow by accident, as inelegantly as by design. Guest of Honor

Frederick Pohl gave the opening address that first morning in September, and was followed by a special presentation by the Space Division of North American Rockwell. (There are a lot of sci fans who are interested in taking up space, apparently.) The whole convention schedule was well-packed with many most-miss periods, covering every aspect of fandom except comic books. In fact, the convention seemed to be going out of its way not to have any program item on comics; this in spite of comic dealers dominating the bookstalls' room and the premiere at the con of many fine comic people: Jack Kirby, Gerry Conway, Len Wein, Russ Manning, Don Glut, Steve Englehart, James Santos, Mike Royer, etc.

There were a few atypical items, too. There was an actual wedding, in medieval garb, for Kathleen Sky and Stephen Golden. There were belly dancers. And there was a fine collection of vintage cartoons, followed by a panel with Bob Clampett, Carl Swafford, Ralph Bakshi and Clarence (Donald Duck) Nash.

As for lectures, there were some. I've missed Paul Anderson and Ray Bradbury (and we did, though both were reported to have been fascinating) we made a special point to catch an hour titled "Professionalism in Science Fiction" and moderated by the supreme professional, Harlan Ellison. Always witty and usually polemic, Ellison fielded questions until he was embroiled in an audience crosstire. Speaking extemporaneously, though, Ellison is no less the steady animal to a detractor from the crowd. When his



Three TARZAN artists for the price of one! Bruce Hagerst, Mike Royer and Russ Manning.

recent anthology, *Again, Dangerous Visions*, was brought up and its contract walled singled out as "evidence" of Ellison's "bungling," the audience hounded to his defense and couldn't have been needed. If there was one "superstar" of the con, it was Ellison, and any future opportunities you might have to hear him speak come highly recommended.

The Costume Ball boasted less costumes than expected but those that showed were of a notably higher quality than usual. Jack Root handled the M.C. chores, as the costume names went from the audience to far beyond the ridiculous. Tim and Julie Zell took the "Best of Show" award as Ker-nu-mos and Ker-nu-men (the origins of those names are as obvious, I won't even bother going into them) in costumes that consisted of green point-blue skin, animal fur, antlers and a shepherd's staff with a live snake coiled about it. Jon and Joni Stoppa took Judges' Choice for "Parsus and Alceda." Winter Don Glut downed the gates of General Mills' own Frankenberry in the costume box of the same name. Underground cartoonist Scott Shaw downed the guise of his own character, the Turd, in a costume made up of jockey shorts and peanut butter. We took a special award for "Most Revolving." He also took several showers to get the peanut butter off his shirt! All this and more...

The Hugo Awards Banquet was toast-mastered by Robert Bloch and saluted Pro and Fan Guests of Honor, Frederick Pohl and Bob and Janice Coatsworth respectively. Despite that, several most fans have become fed-up with being fed slowly and badly at banquets. One group advertised their competitive "banquet" at a nearby

McDonald's stand where, instead of paying eight dollars for some mass-produced Habitut steak, you get change from your dollar. I spent the duration at a Woody Allen movie but an old able to report that Hugo Awards went to Philip Jose Farmer (Best novel); To You Scattered Bodies Go! (Best novel); The Dams of Air and Darkness, Larry Niven (Best short story); "Inconstant Moon", Clockwork Orange (Best dramatic production); Frank Kelly Fries (Best pro artist); Magazine of Fantasy and S-F (Best pro magazine); Lucas (Best amateur magazine) and to Harry Warner Jr. and Tim Kirk (Best Fan Writer and Artist, respectively).



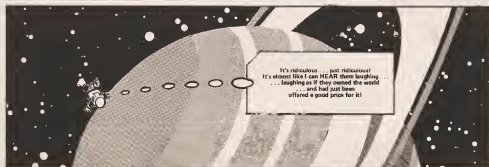
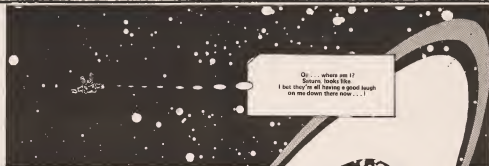
Author Don Glut has always been a big fan of steak, but to come to "Frankenberry" was to commit a terrible pun. Don walked away with a number of prizes but, fortunately, they caught him in time and made him give those back.

Total attendance at the convention was 1,956, of which about three-fourths passed on the banquet. (Ronald McDonald must have been pretty busy!) The honor of hosting the 1974 Worldcon went unanimously to Washington, D.C. (Next year's site, decided last year, will be Toronto). Dealers at least those hawking comic books—reported high sales. And the Woody Allen movie at the Merila Theatre was excellent, although I did not attend the next three days acting like Humphrey Bogart.

This is The Monster Times' Hollywood correspondent, Mark Evario, sinking slowly in the West. Play it again, Sam. ■

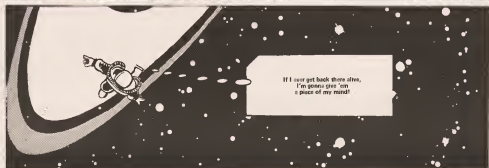
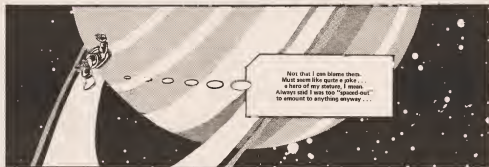
A display of PLANET OF THE APES memorabilia for you who are mopey about such things.







∴ "STAR~GAZER" ∴

STORY BY ROACHO RIZZO ART BY JOHN BYRNE

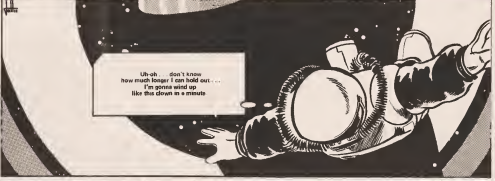





Might as well . . . I'll tell 'em alright,
I'll shout it right
to their big smug face.
"The truck shall not
inherit the Earth . . .
by God, we'll DEMAND it!"



Why did I ever agree to this?
What could I have been thinking of?



Uh-oh . . . don't know
how much longer I can hold out . . .
I'm gonna wind up
like this down in a minute



Next time I'll take my chances
with the EXTERMINATOR* . . .

*meet the EXTERMINATOR back in TMT 3.

When TMT Media Editor R. Allen Leider told us he had been on the set to watch the filming of some of Amicus Productions' latest (and, according to all advance word to reach our outstretched ears, greatest) horror chiller, *ASYLUM*, we figured that this probably meant that he was bound, gagged, and stashed away in a dusty corner of the sound stage, permitted only to observe, nod his head in a verbal direction, and make quiet whimpering sounds. We had no idea that the gracious folk at Amicus would let him roam about the set as a free man, laughing as if he owned the world and talking to luminaries like Peter Cushing, Richard Todd, and Barbara Parkins... but that's exactly what happened. And here to preview what may prove to be the super-shocker of the year, *ASYLUM*, and to tell you about his adventures on the set is our own R. Allen Leider, Media Editor Extraordinaire and Confidant of the Stars....

CRAZY ABOUT ASYLUM

BY R. ALLEN
LEIDER

Get Thee To An Asylum" ... but beware! The asylum in the new Cinema release of the same name is not your average, ordinary, everyday, run-of-the-mill mental institution. It is, however, an eerie place of confinement for the banners of gory and fantastic case histories. And the weirdest, deadliest case of all is on the wrong side of the bars!

A young psychiatrist (Robert Powell) comes to Dunsmoor Asylum to find employment. He is greeted by Dr. Rutherford (Patrick Magee) who tells him that the head of the institution, a Dr. Starr by name, went raving mad some time prior to Powell's arrival, but that Rutherford, as acting head of the asylum, will test Powell for the job. The test Rutherford conjures up consists of Powell listening to the case histories of several inmates and deducing which of them is the mad Dr. Starr. Simple? Not quite. Powell begins a test that leads straightway into several tales of terror, madness... and murder!

Mr. Smith (Peter Cushing), for example, has a dead son whom he wishes undead. To bring about this supernatural resurrection, Mr. Smith buys a magic book and weaves some strange material. He engages Bruno, the master tailor (Barry Morse), to make a suit from the cloth. When Bruno delivers the suit he finds Smith in the living room of a large, dilapidated estate with his deceased son in

Peter Cushing as Mr. Smith takes aim at unseen tailor reluctant to give up the magic suit that would restore dead son's life... just one of many touchstone scenes from Amicus Productions' *ASYLUM*.



The mad Dr. Byron (Robert Powell) looks lost in thoughts about his latest project....



... which happens to be manufacture of murderous little marionettes designed to do his evil bidding....



... until they, too, are crushed under the heel of this cruel world of ours.

a coffin. When Smith, unable to pay for the suit, demands it from Bruno, a struggle follows... and so do some eerie events that are nothing short of horrifying!

Barbara (Charlotte Rampling) has other problems. It seems that while she was under a nurse's care for a drug problem, her friend Lucy (Wendy Richard) carved up her husband and the nurse. The problem now is that Barbara can see Lucy in the mirror... but no one else can. Is Barbara really the mad Dr. Starr?



Richard Todd's late but unfortunately wife lends him an unexpected hand in the *FROZEN FEAR* episode. Todd, incidentally, completed his *ASYLUM* role in "four" days!

Richard Todd's nemesis is the dismembered corpse of his wife, who won't stay dead. Todd plays the part of Walter, a man who buys his wife a freezer for her birthday and then proceeds to make her his first resident. Limb by limb he wraps her up in brown paper and plunks the chunks of freshly butchered flesh into the fridge. Walter goes upstairs to await the arrival of his girl friend Bonnie (Barbara Parkins). He hears a thumping sound. He goes back to investigate and finds the freezer alive with some decidedly undead limbs, all of which are groping at him!

Now the piece de resistance... the mad Dr. Byron who claims he is the real head of the asylum, whose job was usurped by Rutherford. Byron is a mad genius who has created the Marquis of Horror... miniature robots complete with mini-guts into whose brains Byron thinks he can transfer human consciousness! But the question remains so far unanswered... who is Dr. Starr? Well, for the answer to that one, you'll have to see the film.

For the discriminating, let me assure you that *ASYLUM* is on par with *Tales From the Crypt* in every respect. It broke house records in London theatres and is well on its way to becoming another



Too many people feel that Death is just like Life... that it only happens to other people. Here it's just about to happen to Todd's screen wife in FROZEN FEAR episode. She may be dead, but she ain't down yet.

Amicus Productions classic. I was on the set for the shooting of the "Frozen Fear" episode with Barbara Parkins and Richard Todd and had a first-hand look at what goes into a few fast of cinematic terror.

Director Roy Ward Baker is a master of his craft with an eye and feeling for the weird. The script by Robert (Psycho) Bloch lent itself easily to Baker's genius. So, there we were ready to shoot the finale of "Frozen Fear" in a sound studio on the Shepperton lot in London. Located in the corner of one hangar was Anthony Curtis' basement setting, as real and creepy as any under-lit dare crypt one could imagine. While waiting for Barbara to finish being briefed by Roy Baker, I chatted with the extras, muscular people upping the traditional lukewarm, goopy English tea. Their arms and legs were wrapped with brown butcher's paper and string, and they covered themselves with cloths to prevent damage to their "costumes." Then "Quiet on the Set" (yes, they really do yell that), and Barbara was ready to go through the scene in which she is attacked by the dismembered limbs of her lover's wife. After several "takes" they broke for lunch and I had an opportunity to talk to her.

CRAZY ABOUT ASYLUM

TMT: When you do a film that's episode like ASYLUM, do you find yourself under great pressure because it has to be shot in one or two weeks?

BARBARA: Not for me. After working in television, nothing could be faster or more hectic than that.

TMT: In ASYLUM, you play a murderer's mistress. You get trapped in the basement with the corpse of your lover and the literally living limbs of his dismembered wife which are trying to do you in. Now, how do you prepare for an unusual role like that?

BARBARA: Well, in my everyday living, for example, I have become more aware of shadows. I have become more aware of the nervousness in people. I've sensitized myself to fears so that it might trigger something in me that will carry off my characterization of the girl I play in the film.

MEANWHILE, BACK ON THE SET

Just then the bell rang and Roy Baker

put Miss Perkins through her paces, which consisted of chasing the dismembered limbs across the basement floor with an axe. Most of the limbs used belonged to the extras, who grabbed for Barbara through openings on the floor and walls of the basement set. For the limbs that scurry across the floor, a few marionette arms were employed, tied to an invisible line manipulated by a stagehand. The end result is quite horrifying and suspenseful.



Director Roy Ward Baker and actress Brett Elliott take a stab at murder during a "light" moment on the set. "Have a heart" across actors, whose words are being taken for too literally.

Also on the set, although he had already completed his part of the "Frozen Fear" episode, was veteran actor and producer Richard Todd, who made his mark as a British movie idol in the 40's. Todd is well known to the "older" generation and is now engaged in a number of exploits, of which ASYLUM is only one. After the shooting was over, I chatted with Todd in the offices of Amicus Productions.

TODD TALKS

TMT: Is this your first suspense-horror type film?

TODD: No. By no means. My first was a Hitchcock film, SHAGEHRIGHT, and since then many others. I have tried to do other than the war movies and the thrillers. But the problem is that the theatre-going public likes to see their stars performing in one type of role and won't accept them in any other.

TMT: How do you go about getting into the role you are playing. Is

"Cut it out...
I'm no
cherry
tree!"

ASYLUM you play a man who cuts up his wife and deposits her in the freezer he bought for an anniversary gift. How do you work up to that?

TODD: Before I can get into a character, I have to believe in it. If I can believe the character, if I can believe the role, then I think I can work at it to transform that to the screen or to the theatre. If you don't believe it, then you have to "act" and you cease "being" the

One wonders what Richard Todd has to learn from a picture in which he brutally dismembers a woman, wraps the limbs in brown paper and tucks them neatly away in the ice box...!

BACK FROM THE CRYPT

Unfortunately, none of the other stars of the film were available that day for my questions, but hopefully TMT will bring you interviews with them in future issues. It is interesting, however, to note that in ASYLUM Peter Cushing has a role similar to the part he played in Tales From The Crypt. In both pictures he portrayed men who are dependent over the loss of a loved one. In CRYPT he was Grimsby who communicated with his dead wife via ouija board. In ASYLUM he is a Smith who makes the magic vial to bring his dead son back to life. I do not know as of this date if Peter picked the role of Smith himself (as he DID pick Grimsby... See TMT #14), but the similarity of purpose the two characters share is interesting and I look forward to seeing if Peter will have more such roles to play in future films.

When I spoke to him last Spring in England he had already finished his episode in ASYLUM and was working on another picture. Still, he had a few remarks to make which I now pass on to you.

TMT: When you attack a role such as Mr. Smith, who is a well-to-do man who is very broken up by the death of his son and hopes to bring him back from the dead... how do you go about it? How do you as an actor convey Smith's feelings to the audience?

CUSHING: Whatever part you are playing, the personality and the actor is very important. When you think that your face on the screen is about six feet by three feet, the very twitch of an eyebrow tells us much more than a whole string of words. I think most of everything comes from the eyes...

TMT: Doesn't that make you very self-conscious of what you do with your face when you act?

CUSHING: No... not for me anyway. Whatever part I play... I read the script and decide what the character is meant to portray and when I am doing that part I read the way I myself or the character would react in the given situation. Acting for me must be an instinctive thing... I believe that reactions must be instinctive rather than planned because I do not find planned reactions believable. Let's say that a part calls for the actor to react to the death of a loved one. The unshedded actor or director would have the character weeping, with tears streaming down his face meaning something like "No... No... I can't go on... etc." Well that's not at all the way that everybody would react. When my own wife passed away I was very quiet... almost stumped. I was not hysterical as some director might have had me act in a couple part. Mr. Smith in ASYLUM loses his son and does not go to pieces. He quietly seeks a way to regain his son by means of this occult book and magic vial he has made. I don't approve of the occult business but the reaction of Smith is certainly my own based on my own experience and for that reason it is more believable than if I played it for histrionics.

Peter had more to talk about and most of it about his unusual view of Dr. Frankenstein, which he has played more than any other actor, but we'll save that for another time. What Peter did want me to remind you was to see ASYLUM at all costs... even if you have to come back from the crypt to do it.

page 1 The Monster Times Teletype

... Prints news, reviews, previews, gross/floppers ferreted out by BILL FERRET, Monsterdom's answer to Ron's Barret. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpups get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Ferret's TELETYPE lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flick & cetera when they're still only in production. Impress friend and fend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't come been made yet! Goshawked, gang!

W all gang, ring the bell, close the book and extinguish the candle... THE EXORCIST is before the camera at Warner Bros. Whither Peter Blatty's novel looks like it is going to be a blockbuster. Ellen Burstyn, Oscar nominee for THE LAST PICTURE SHOW, plays the heroine. Kitty Winn, award winner for FANIC IN NEEDLE PARK plays her secretary. Ignatius Bergman's favorite actor, Max Von Sydow, plays the part of a priest. Father William O'Malley, a priest, plays the part of a priest. And William Friedkin, himself an Academy Award winner, is directing this distinguished cast in what is a grisly little tale of demon possession, sort of a soul monster.

William F. Orr, an executive for years with Warner, has joined United National Pictures and is one of his first projects is reworking WICKED, WICKED for the screen.

Anthony Franciosa has the lead in Balaban & Quire's first independent production entitled TRACK OR TREAT. Location shooting starts this month in Vermont.

Being optimistic, and perhaps rightly so, American-International is preparing for a Christmas release... readyyyyyy... BLACKENSTEIN, riding in on the wings (ah) of their current BLACULA syndrome. Will you be prepared for BLACKZILLA?

Boudiful! Miquel Van Veen is starring in a new thriller with the unlikely title of THE SUGAR COOKIES for Arrow Films Inc. You think they might have meant that as in THE CAT CREEPS.

There'll be a musicalization of an updated version of the Ulysses legend called THE FREELIFE. Filming has taken place in Thailand, Australia, Macao, Hong Kong and Tahiti. Eurasian beauty Nancy Kwan has a starring role. I'll sure see that Clio's sorcery.

MGM's BLOOD SONG has undergone a title change and surprisingly returned to the title of the book from whence it came, OCEADY HONEYMOON.

American Eagle Films has currently before the cameras DEMENTIA FRABOX.



John Philip Law, always a sight for sore eyes, is featured as Mr. Grunsky in TALES FROM THE CRYPT.

I don't know anything about it, but with a title like FENGELIFFEN, a director like Roy Ward Baker, and a cast like Peter Cushing, Herbert Lom, Guy Rolfe (Mr. Sandhu), and Stephen Beacham (The Nightcomers), you can bet this America Productions (TALES FROM THE CRYPT, ASYLUM) won't be a comedy.



John Philip Law as the angel in Roger Vadim's post-fantasy epic based on the popular French comic strip, BARBARIELLA. The Long Wings of Love will be taking Hollywood again such as SINBAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE.

John Philip Law, previously the angel in BARBARIELLA, will be doing the sailing in SINBAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE, Roy Hargreaves pic landing in Majorca, Madrid and London.

Rachel Welch starring in LAST OF SHEILA will be joined by James Mason, James Coburn and Richard Benjamin.

It's official, Roger Moore is the new James Bond, and takes the helm in the new production of Ian Fleming's LIVE AND LET DIE.

Now for a few words about the boob tube. Things are SWELL. Lotsa new series, NBC has SWELL (formerly PROBE), and GHOST STORY starring Sebastian Cabot. ABC's back with the SIXTH SENSE... and the movies, the TV Movies are unbelievable...

THE MAN WITH THE BRAIN GRAPT will issue forth from Paramount. Buxton teenager Eva Aulin, who essayed the title role in CANDY, turns up in a Spanish Horror flick titled BLOODY CEREMONY.

The Craner company has set for its first production a suspense melodrama called WHO'S BEEN MURDERING IN MY BED?

Another example of strange casting is KILL, Inc.'s presentation of THE GARDENERS. Stated as a Gothic Horror Tale it stars, Andy Warhol album, Joe O'Connell, Katherine Hepburn's niece, Katherine Houghton, and beautiful European star, Rita Gem. There'll be more than just a little erotica.

Holmes! Rehearsing, responsible for MARK OF THE DEVIL, has another due any day called NIGHT OF THE BLIND DEAD.

COME TO CREATION

Now is the time for all good people to come to a convention. And the convention we mean is the Thanksgiving CON. CREATION '72, to be held in New York from November 24th to November 30th.

CREATION '72 certainly won't be a turkey. If your interests lie anywhere in the fields of science, science fiction, horror or fantasy, you're certain to love CREATION. It will have a host of live activities, and there's just a quick rundown.

ADT DISPLAY: Act by each domain (illustrated as follows: Whigton, Zoroaster, Kallia, Brown, Wigel, and a host of others will be on display. FILM SHOW: Six hours of feature films each night. Included will be Richard Gere's already classic NEVERHOLD. GUESTS: We take a week for us to name them all but suffice to say their moving others will be Neil Adams, Don Aronson, and Kelly Fraz.

PANELS: Highlighting this year's CREATION are 100, count 'em, 100 panels included are panels on NATURALISM, LAMPON, UNDERWATER, comic, New Science, Fantasy and others. By now, of course, you are parsing for the information on how to get to this con. Well, in our new-reading guide to please, here it is: Convention Chairman, Adam Malin, 16 East 2nd Street, Prospect, New York, 11550. Admission is \$4 at the door for three days (\$13 in advance), and \$2 a day at the door. 1971 he held at the Star-Hilton Hotel, 7th Avenue and 33rd Street.

The U.S. entries of SILENT RUNNING and BEWARE THE BLOB won the Gold Asteroid and special jury prize, respectively, at the recent Trieste International Science Fiction Film Festival. Other award winners to keep an eye out for are a Czech sci-fi comedy THE GIRL ON THE BROOM which utilized some superb special effects and a French film called ON THE EDGE OF THE VOID.

Leonard Nimoy and Susan Hampshire in BAFFLED (a pilot), BIRDS IN THE WILDERNESS (a sequel to William Shatner's THE PEOPLE), John O.F. Black's classic THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH.



The CBS "made-for-TV movie" entitled GARGYLES, originally slated for October 31, that tragic night, has been re-scheduled for sometime at the end of November. It stars Cornell Wilde and deals with the "real things" ambulating about Caribbean Caverns in Mexico.

CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
November 12 December 19	The Second Sunday Phil Sackling 821 Avenue Z Brooklyn, New York	Malpian Hotel 7th Ave. and 34th St. New York City	\$1 at the door	no special features, but all buying and selling
Nov. 24-26	FANTASY FILM FANS CON PO Box 74866 Los Angeles, Cal.	AMASSADOR HOTEL Los Angeles, Cal.	\$15 at door \$8 at 5:04	72 hours of feature films, Roy Sackling, DC Foreman, Bob Block
Nov. 24-26	Creation '72 34 East Second St. Prospect, N.Y. 11550	Sturter Hilton Hotel New York, New York	\$2 in advance for 3 days \$2 a day at door	SF, comics, films, authors professional guests
Nov. 13-19	Philadelphia Sci-Fi Convention Nutt Howard, 18 Hawk Road Lancaster, Penn. 17606	Shenston Hotel Philadelphia, Penn.	\$3 at the door	quest of houses Frank Brunner, hacksters, movies

THE CON-CALENDAR is a special subsection feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across the great land of ours are quaint and curious gatherings of specialty curious junkies. The gatherings called "conventions," and the sessions called "fests," denote the attraction of the face and non-face alike, hence this little blacking reader-service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these have-occasions, we recommend it.

Detection of much events just about by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like mortals, spend weeks on end of date comics, science fiction pulp, and monster movie mags. But there's just the reason for going. If you want to see a couple of glossy pictures of Godzilla or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of Arby Cones (I'd show those who!

as if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the stars of old time movie making, or today's top comic book artist and writers... if you just want to meet other monster or comic movie fanatics, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world, OR if you want to meet the affable decorated monster who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of these conventions. We dare ya!

"Fly me . . . to Brooklyn!"



Vampires in Brooklyn Heights? That's right, in a New York production of a macabre series called simply **VAMPIRE**. Now the street will be unsafe for muggers.

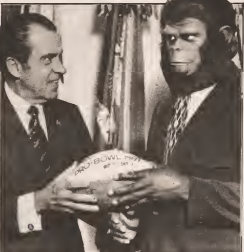
Johnny Carson's uncle, Leonard Barr (7) is starring in a film called **MANSSION OF EVIL**. Mr. Barr and his facade are a natural.

Nino Castelnuovo, star of **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG**, has the starring role in an Italian Production, **VAMPIRE 2000**.

ATTENTION COMIC FANS!

Ed Swensen, filmmaker and comic book collector, has just opened up a comic store called "SUPERSTORE" where all kinds of comics, original artwork, and related goodies can be browsed through and purchased. Ed's store is located on 8th Street between 3rd and 3rd Avenue in New York's Upper East Side. Stop by . . . and tell him **THE MONSTER TIMES** sent you.

And just a few of the stars lined up for **GHOST STORY** are Patricia Neal, William Windom, Carolyn Jones (Morticia on the **ADAMS FAMILY**), Steve Stevens, Jason Robards, Jack Kelly and Steve Forrest.



"And I hope you will accept this not as merely an old football worn beyond further use, but as a symbol of the hopes and aspirations of the entire simian community, and one that will be earned-and let me be perfectly clear about this-part the scrimmage line of disappointment and down the field of accomplishment, past the goal line and into the touchdown zone . . .



A smarming Milla O'Shea played the villain in **Barbaric**. He'll be back to take another bite in **Cineman Productions' THEATRE OF BLOOD**.

I've mentioned a few times the **Cineman Production's** film now leasing in London called **THEATRE OF BLOOD**. Vincent Price and Diana Rigg are top billed, but the supporting cast reads like a who's who of British cinema, notably Jack Hawkins, Coral Browne, Milla O'Shea, Dennis Price (in relation), Robert Coute and Diana Dors.

ROD SERLING

Continued from page 11

do it my way. This is the Serling formula for science fiction and I think it works well.

WHAT CAUSED THE CHANGE IN ROD SERLING FROM DRAMA WRITER TO CINEMA WRITER?

I think the change in the medium and the audience demands. You don't have any more live TV drama so there is no demand for it. Even the TV movies are just that—MOVIES. Occasionally there is a TV drama special but usually it is a classic rehash, not an original piece like *Requiem for a Heavyweight* was. Also the costs of live drama as opposed to its tape or film make a big difference. Producers want to make a whopping good profit. TV live drama is not a profitable medium any more.

DO YOU LIKE DOING COMMERCIALS?

I like eating. I also like not having to lose over a hot typewriter producing less than my best to make a few dollars. At least the commercials pay well so I can write what I like where I like. I never do one that I don't believe in. I do credit myself with honesty even though I admit commercials are a bit undignified. If people like my voice I feel they should hear it. Right?

WHAT IS YOUR ADVICE TO ANXIOUS WRITERS?

For one thing they can be sure of what



Although he pretends to know nothing about the "pathology of shots," Rod Serling has managed throughout the years to maintain his position as one of the Tube's most popular writers.

they have to cope with in television. I learned and it was rough. The censors will butcher the best idea you have and for that reason many dramatists got out of use and to ease to films. Legitimate playwrights, you know, have no censors. Also the market for original stuff is getting smaller. Every writer is not new. They are adaptations of old movies and books. Pre-censoring your own stuff cramps your freedom and style. I think new dramatists should look to films or the legitimate theatre first and then feel their way through the industrial brain patch.

Mr. Serling is currently working on screenplays and his own private writings which, if we are lucky, will show someday.



"FLASH... SHOULD I ZAP THEM FOR TELLING THE WORLD ABOUT US?!"

Everyone this side of **STAR TREK** knows about the world's most renowned sci-fi character, **FLASH GORDON**. Flash is a dashing, handsome, daredevil, delightful Dale Arden and the ever-despicable Ming the Merciless—have made the scene just about everywhere. Starting off as a comic strip, then transferred to the serials, it even made television and comic books. Of Flash has been around, and now to chronicle all those trials and tribulations comes **HERITAGE**—devoted to Flash and Flash alone.

HERITAGE has just about everything for the Flash fan, or even the most casual reader. Is it comic strips you want? Well, there's Jeff Jones and Mike Kelton and Frank Brunner to name a few. Is it an article that you desire? You won't find a better one than "Flash Gordon—Super Serial" by TMT's own Al Adamars. They don't come more informative than this, people. Are portfolios your bag? Will Gray Morrow and Kenneth Smith contributions fill the bill. Not to mention illustrations by Fritz Fingert and Reed Crandall. And if it's an interview you demand, don't go away. **Heritage** has a long, free-wheeling discussion with Mr. Buster Crabbe—"Flash is the flesh", if you will—conducted by none other than Al

Williamson, Flash Gordon's greatest fan. And stills? Like you wouldn't believe.

And in case you're worried that this super Flash keepsake is fragile, forget it. This 60 page masterpiece is printed on super-heavy, super-dick stock bound to last several lifetimes. The cover is illustrated in full-color by the original Flash, delineator, Alex Raymond. And the cost? Fifteen dollars you say? Ten dollars? No, sir, this book is available from the friendly folk at **The Monster Times** for only \$3.50 and 25 cents postage and handling. So what are you waiting for?

The Monster Times, 11 West 17 Street, Dept H, New York, N.Y. 10011

Dear Monster Times,
Please rocket me _____ copies of this all-Flash Gordon **HERITAGE** booklet. \$3.50 plus 25 cents postage and handling for each copy. A total of \$3.75 . . . a bargain!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

the Monster Scene

Nowadays, it seems like you never can tell where your favorite fiend might pop up next. Just peel those peepers and take a fearful look around! Today you'll see the WEREWOLF in mouth-wash commercials! KING KONG for Volkswagen! SUPERMAN in soap-sud promos! . . . Monster T-shirts, monster jokes, monster model kits, monsters even competing for your girlfriend! There are Transylvanians on TV, monsters in media, zombies in zinc, and, as we've all known for a long time now, marcerary madmen on Madison Ave! There are bats in the belfry, Zombies on Broadway and (eech!!!) roaches in the sink! And it seems like wherever you go nowadays, the media-mad-ad-men are always out in full force trying to get their claws on you! So, in keeping with the current revival of things macabre, all the eerie ephemera that's been appearing lately in places where madmen normally fear to tread will be duly reported in our brand new irregular column, **THE MONSTER SCENE**, by your friendly fiends-in-the-fields at TMT.



IS THERE A MONSTER IN THE HOUSE?

Again we're indebted to the New York Daily News, that solid pioneer in the field of editorial horror, for this Broome-Hilde cartoon that appeared in the June 18,

1972 edition of the great metropolitan newspaper ever battling for Truth, Justice, and The American Way . . . or for The American Way, at least. At any rate,

Russell Myers' cartoon depicts a paranoid fantasy that all horror film buffs have probably been plagued by at one time or another . . . a theater full of monsters!

MUMMY FROM HOME

If the English immortalize their mortals in glass and stone, we Americans make up for this excessive kindness by treating our almost as badly as we treat poor people, minorities, and old folks. Take Princess Tootsies, for example . . . please! That's exactly what the officers of the Schenectady Museum in upstate New York are saying when they refer to a 3,600 year-old mummy who has managed to outlive her usefulness even in death. Princess Tootsies is the mummy's name and Schenectady Museum spokesmen have announced that they're looking to give this badly battered mummy up for adoption, but are as yet unable to do so without the consent of its owner, a Mr. J. Franklin Chate, who loaned the Princess (buried in 1855) to the museum back



in 1939. Chate has since moved to Florida, where officials have been unable to contact him and Tootsies has since worn out her welcome at the museum.

Museum director George Cole claims he has been besieged with offers from people wanting to give the Princess a home ever since a local paper, the Knickerbocker News-Union Star, first reported the Princess' plight. J. Jonathan Martin, an amateur Egyptologist operating in New Jersey, offered to pay shipping costs if he could have her, while the proprietor of a store in Alexandria, Va., volunteered to swap a copy of the "Montgomery County History" for the mummy. Even a few museums were willing to take the elderly lady but the Princess will be forced to continue to occupy a dusty coffin in the basement until her rightful owner shows up to surrender his claim. If you are looking for a mummy to love, better get your application in now. After all, she's been waiting over 3,000 years for you.

Film Fan Funnies



They'll be a very special Thanksgiving celebration in Los Angeles (in view, by special production of L.A.'s wandering reporter, Ben Wynn, November 20 to 25 a Fantasy Film Week. Meant to be outside, the far-out fans of Los Angeles County are holding the first annual Science Fiction and Fantasy Film convention



from November 24 to 26 of this year. The convention will be like nothing you've ever seen. Naturally, it will be showing dozens (12 straight hours), but it will also be holding a costume ball, sponsoring parties, honoring guests and handing out awards. Not even to mention the cartoon room! And since we can't possibly tell you all the tremendous features of



this con if we had all day, just take a gander at this abbreviated list of scheduled activities:

MOVIES: Scheduled movies include the following classic, **THINGS TO COME**, **MARCONI**, **20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH**, **20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA**, **THE SCARCE** OF 02, and dozens

of others. Also included will be many episodes of your favorite fantasy television shows.

HONORED GUESTS: Ray Bradbury (legendary writer), Gene Roddenberry (creator of **STAR TREK**), Ken Kesey (author **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST**), Rick Altman (the **SUPERMAN** serial), Robert Silverberg (author of television and movie serials), Forrest J. Ackerman (editor, **FAMOUS MONSTER**), and many other too numerous to mention.

EXHIBITS AND PANELS: amazing array of special features ranging from **STAR TREK** to **PLANET OF THE APES** to **KING KONG** to **THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**. Featured along with speakers will be models, props and many other visual aids.

SPECIAL GUESTS AND AWARDS: There will be three special guests at the convention: George Pal, representing science fiction, Chuck Jones, representing animation and John Carmichael, representing supernatural. A new award of merit, the **GEORGE MILLER AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING CINEMATIC ACHIEVEMENTS**, will be presented in three categories: science fiction, fantasy and supernatural and horror. Each category will give two awards, one for technical contributions and one for financial performance.

EXTRA SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: A special screening of the new, but unscratched movie, **THE THING WITH TWO HEADS**, starring Ray Milland and Rosemary Greer. There will also be a special prop demonstration of the hands. And, a special showing of a never before seen documentary, **THE MAKING OF SILENT RUNNING** by Gene Trumbull.

We certainly hope that's enough to convince you that you should be at this convention. If it's not, then you might consider the special **CARTOON** room for children of all ages, the costume ball, the amateur film contest, the banquet and the special sales room where publishers from all sections of the fantasy field (including **THE MONSTER TIMES**) will be selling their wares.

The convention will be held at Los Angeles' famous **AMARALLO HOTEL**, and the registration rates (not include breakfast and hotel room) are \$10 for attending and \$5 for supporting. We urge you to write to the committee for further information: **FANTASY FILM FANS INTERNATIONAL**, P.O. Box 74605, L.A., California 90004. Be there, by order of the head monster here.



KONG FOREVER

If King Kong and the Monster Liberation Front manage to overcome some drastic odds and win the 1972 election, we'll probably be seeing a lot more where this came from. As it stands now, however, the statue of the King down here might be the only of its kind to be found anywhere in the world... or anywhere west of Skull Island at least.

Posing with Kong is 5-year-old Joey Murro, whose father created this fibre glass tribute to the Superation which sports a 15 foot arm span and stands in Birmingham, England. It would be a foolhardy pique indeed who would risk the wrath of Kong by seeking to further decorate this menacing monument.

PAPERBACK FRIGHTER

One of the hardest working editors in the clear world of science-fiction/fantasy publishing is Vic Ghidella, whose one anthologies have been published by

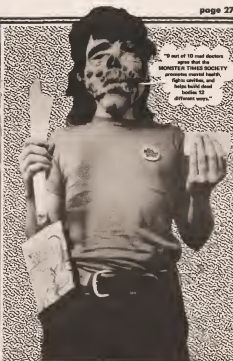


McFadden, Fawcett, and other quality houses. Some of his latest titles that have made it to the TMT Required Reading List include **BEWARE THE BEASTS** (co-editor Roger Edwood, MB Books, 75 cents), **WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS** (MB Books, 95 cents), **EIGHT STRANGE TALES** (Fawcett, 75 cents), and **SATAN'S PETS** (MB Books, 75 cents). Included in these collections are stories by such macabre masters as H.P. Lovecraft, Edgar Allan Poe, Fritz Leiber, Ray Bradbury, Robert Block, and H.G. Wells.



DINO-SOAR

Another forbidding bit of statuary is this awesome recreation of a *Tyrannosaurus Rex*, seen here being airlifted to his new home in Blackgang Churn, a popular British tourist spot. The British sure know how to treat a monster.



"9 out of 10 mad doctors agree that the MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY promotes mental health, fights evil, and helps build dead bodies 12 different ways."

IS THERE A MONSTER IN THE HOUSE?

What? You say you're a loyal MONSTER TIMES reader but you don't belong to THE MONSTER TIMES FAN CLUB? Why, a MONSTER TIMES reader without a MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY membership card, special certificate, and badge is like *Dracula* without his fangs... *Frankenstein* without his monster... a *fire-breathing dragon* minus his fiery breath! But wait... don't panic, it's not too late! We pledge to keep the fact that you are not a member in good standing of the MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY a ferociously guarded secret providing you

correct this ghastly error of omission right away... this instant... NOW! It's easier to do than you might imagine, too.

All you have to do is fill out the coupon below and send it along with \$2.00 (in check, money order, or good old cold hard cash) and YOU too will be a member of that proud, respected, select legion... YOU too will be numbered among the most erudite, discriminating Monster Fans on this or any other planet... YOU too can stand tall and unbowed wherever that cry rings out, "Is There A Monster In the House?"

Make me a member in good standing of the MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY. I am enclosing \$2.00. Please rush me my official MT SOCIETY certificate, badge, and membership card as I cannot live another day without them. I too wish to be numbered among the most erudite, discriminating Monster Fans on this or any other planet. I am of sound mind and body and fully realize that during the Dark Ages I would have been burned at the stake as a wizard for this.

THE MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY
P.O. BOX 596
OLD CHELSEA STATION
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10011

Name
Address
City
State ZIP

Continued from page 5



Morbius takes Adams and Doc on a tour that leads to tragedy. "In seven long years," Morbius tells them, "that planet was the home of a race of creatures who called themselves the Krell. Long before the appearance of the human race, the Krell had created the Earth." Among the many—and dangerous—Krell wonders is the brain-boost machine upon whose power Doc Ostrum survives his life.

"Confident... would you care to see some more of the Krell wonders?" Morbius knew what their answer would be, and they soon found themselves on a subway shuttle car that moved at fantastic speeds through this amazing place. They exited at the start of a long, narrow passway flanking twenty miles about nothing. They saw corridors branching off into every direction. Huge nuclear furnaces. Vehicles followed tracks up and down walls and floors, connecting each other with sparks of synthetic lightning that had been coming through these tunnels for millions of years, like hellions of nerve impulses, to keep this machine alive.

Morbius had learned much of the Krell secret since he built Robby. Secrets that would revolutionize Earth. But, because of his superior brain, he announced he would only reveal a small segment of the Krell knowledge at a time, and only as he thought Robby was ready for each bit of knowledge. Adams started to argue, but Doc cut him short. There was time enough for that later... meanwhile they still had their own problems to think about.

Back at the ship, the barriers were set up again. Adams and Ostrum had hurried back to be inside the barrier before nightfall... It seemed the creature almost always came at night, even in the days when it had entered the Bellaphon crew.

Everyone was tense, as if in the back of their minds they were sure the Monster would come again tonight, mauling anyone and anything in its path. The defense perimeter was all in place and switched on. The giant ray cannons had been wheeled from within the ship.

Suddenly it was quiet. Patrol teams being made sure the ship. Guns were ready. It was a security-proof screen of men and destructive machines that guarded them all this eerie night. Then a humming sound low through the air, and between two of the despoiled, sparks could be seen dancing. They stopped.

Shoot, eh? Looked that way, but then that's also what happened the night Quinn was rounded. Better keep a sharp lookout.

-MONSTER MAKES MORE MAYHEM-

Then another set of sparks. Only they didn't stop this time. They kept showering toward some warlike shape that was trying to get through the defenses. It seemed to be having some trouble, and Adams decided that it was now or never. Every cannon, rifle and hand gun was pointed at the source of the disturbance. At the base of it all could be seen two footprints in the soft Alaskan soil, moving as though some impossible pair of clawed, curved feet were shuffling about from side to side. The outline of the creature could now be seen. It was a biped, with no arms. A tooth-filled head that snarled and bellowed and roared defiance to all that lived. Then a monstrous torso that abruptly turned into two strong, short, spiky legs that now danced in frustration and rage.

Farman, who had been firing all along, did not freeze like the others. Whatever made men heroes, willing to fight against impossible odds had taken possession of him. He lunged forward: Adams yelled, but Farman was almost on top of the creature now.

From a distance, the crew saw the creature head slightly. Its head glowing more brightly in the range of Farman's rifle, the monster lifted the first officer into his mouth. Adams saw his friend lifted from the ground like some football the mouth of a lion. The head moved up and swayed, back and forth. Jerry Farman shut his eyes and screamed, as he felt his life being drained away by electronic teeth. Then he was tossed to the ground, broken and dead. The rest of the men rushed forward, firing the creature all they had.

ten times the energy as the one before it. All the power of the universe concentrated here, in this huge complex. Twenty miles square. Adams glanced at Ostrum. So that was the incredible power that had radar-scanned them when their ship arrived.

Morbius explained this entire complex was all one huge machine. Because of his study of the Krell language, which he had deciphered on a library-computer mainframe screen, Morbius had learned enough to build Robby and keep his daughter and himself comfortable all those years. But after all this time, no clue; he did not know what this fantastic, huge machine was for. It was to have changed the Krell civilization totally, but they died out before they could make use of it.

... to learn the secret of the Krell's demise at the cost of his own life. "A civilization without immortality?" Doc, choosing his dying words carefully, exclaims. "But the Krell forgot one thing... Monster, Jerry... Monsters from the 10th!"

small pellet and dropped it into an equally small container. Instantly, symmetrical sounds filled the room, as Morbius explained "... Those sounds you hear were recorded by Krell musicians over 8,000 centuries ago!"

Morbius had built his home around the hidden entrance to a fabulously huge Krell complex. "In the 2,000 centuries since their sudden and mysterious end, even their cloud-piercing towers of porcelaine and adamantine steel have long since crumbled back into the dust of Ailur Flax." Only their underground works, protected from the elements of erosion, had survived to this day. For some unknown reason the Krell had apparently vanished almost overnight, leaving their wonderful culture and genius to be discovered by the crew of the Bellaphon.

Morbius turned a small wheel in a corridor just a short walk through the wall of his study. They entered a huge laboratory, full of coils and sensors, gauges and machines that were centuries ahead of anything Earth had produced.

Morbius stepped up to a large instrument panel. Donning earphones designed for alien heads, he activated switches with a wave of his hand. As he concentrated, a metallic circle rose about halfway up a tube on one side of the

machine. This was a Krell I.Q. tester, on which their children's minds were measured. The first time Morbius tried the machine, years before, he had almost died from a tremendous shock of pure energy. But that shock had permanently doubled his intelligence. Still, with his incredibly boosted I.Q., he had reasoned that a Krell child could make the dash to the top. Apparently these people had been a race of pitiful.

The machine had still another function, and this time as Morbius concentrated, a small swirling mist formed in the viewing area of the machine. A small platform was the base for a miniature female outline that quickly took the shape of Althea. It moved and waded and snarled like it was Althea herself because, Morbius explained "... my daughter is also made my mind from micro-second to micro-second."

Adams took the I.Q. test and registered a fraction of what Morbius had. Doctor Ostrum registered half. But when Adams tried to make an image on the Krell machine, Morbius stopped him. That's how the Bellaphon skipper had died.

This was only one of the laboratories of a gigantic complex. Gauges to measure energy lined the walls... each measuring



"Morbus . . .
something is approaching!"

Adams and Altia
watch in helpless horror
as the M Monster claims possession
of the terrified Dr. Morbus.
his unwitting cradle.
"Stop!" he cries in vain.
"I deny you . . . I give you up!"



Morbus tossed in his sleep, his head on the desk in his study. He had fallen asleep thinking of the Knell secrets and the man who would want to steal them from him before Earth despoiled to him. The screams of his daughter awoke him, and as she ran toward him, she told of a nightmare of danger to John Adams, the man she loved. Morbus shook off the last feeling of sleep.

At the ship, the men knew they had no chance, but kept on fighting. Then,



Author Adamson's inspired rendition of the 1d That Conquered Altia—a rare glimpse into our author's psyche.

within a few seconds, the creature faded from existence, his outline and roar disappearing at the same time. It was gone.

A technical officer advanced a theory . . . something about an impossible monster that could live through disintegrator beams because it was sowing its energy from micro-second to micro-second.

"In 24 hours you must be a million miles out in space . . ." warned Morbus, choosing his dying words carefully. "Chain reaction . . . Knell because . . . Cannot be reversed!"

"From micro-second to micro-second . . ." The same phrase Morbus had used to describe the image-making machine in the Knell laboratory! Dee glanced at Adams. The two simultaneously nodded, and left at top speed for Morbus' house.

On the way, Dee and Adams discussed the situation. The most logical thing to do would be for one of them to sneak into the lab and take the Knell brain-board. It was dangerous, but it had to be done.

BRAIN BOOST BLOWS MIND

As they reached the house, Altia ran forward to meet them. She told of her nightmare, and John J. Adams knew she loved him, too. They held each other close, and neither of them noticed Doc Quinow go with Robby into Morbus' study. Fortunately, the scientist had never programmed Robby to keep people from entering the study when there was no one in it. It was very late, and chances were that Dr. Morbus was off somewhere, asleep.

Altia and Adams talked softly, mostly about Farnam, when suddenly Altia looked up and gasped. Adams whirled

and saw Robby lumbering slowly from the study, carrying Doc. Quinow looked limp, like a broken puppet, as the robot put him gently on a couch. He was alive, but he knew he wouldn't last long. Adams bent over him, not knowing what to say. Doc had sacrificed his life for his captain and his friend.

The expanded intelligence of Dee explained about the great machine. A machine that was both the crowning glory and the downfall of the Knell. A device that could take molecules from the air, from people's thoughts, and shape them into whatever the operators wished them to be. Tools, machines, buildings, even living servants, created in an instant . . . created from the energy of pure thought. A civilization totally free of intrusability!

Dee continued, his voice growing weaker. " . . . But the Knell forgot one thing . . . Monsters, John! . . . Monsters from the ID!" Then his mouth stayed open, his eyes glazed. Adams closed his friend's eyes.

Suddenly Morbus strode into the room. Looking down at the dead figure, he saw the same burn marks that had been on his own head twenty years ago.

"Morbus . . . What's the ID?" Adams was almost frantic in his tone, and Morbus was answering almost without thinking.

" . . . It's an obsolete term, once used to describe man's subconscious mind."

So that was it, thought Adams. Monsters from the subconscious. Swiftly,



"In about a million years the human race will have evolved up to where the Knell were in their moment of glory. At that time, maybe what happened to your father will make us remember that we are, after all, not Gods . . ."

The Monster Times

Adams repeated everything Doc had told him... about the super-machine, about the monster the Krell had unknowingly turned upon themselves. The sight after their machine had been turned on for the first time, the incredible device had absorbed the unconscious fears, desires and monsters and turned them into realities that lay there, and there, completely apart. Even the Krell had evolved from primitive, savage beginnings and all these dark memories, buried for millions, years in the backs of their minds, were freed in one horrible night, to test, melt, vaporize... to destroy!

Morbus, visibly shaken by the talk, recovered himself. "Very good, Commander... But you forgot one thing. The last Krell died millions of years ago. Why is the machine working now?"

ID CONQUERED THE WORLD

Adams refused the explanation that Morbus wanted to see for himself. That terrible, impossible monster was the result of the machine drawing out the scientist's fears and ancient drives, and turning them into a living creature dedicated to murder!

Morbus buried his head in his hands, but his thoughts were already broken by the sound of trees cracking apart. There was no other sound, but they knew... the Monster was coming to kill them all! Morbus closed the rattling shutters around his house. But there was a howling sound, and the shutters started to turn molten. "Kill it, Robby," Morbus yelled. The robot just stood there and began to cross-circle. "It's no use," Adams screamed. "It's no use that thing out there is YOU!"

Morbus realized they had just one chance... the super-thick Krell metal of the laboratory doors. He beckoned everyone to follow him, and they all took refuge in the lab complex of a long dead moon. More than a dozen slabs of almost indestructible metal slid symmetrically into place to protect them. They stood covering, though... they could hear the howling of the thing even through the doors!

They were doomed, shouted Adams. "Look at the gauges, Morbus! All the power levels are activated now!" The Monster was drawing from this infinite power. Using that force, it could penetrate any barrier, commit any destruction. There was no stopping it! All at once Morbus knew what Adams said to be the truth. "Help me," he screamed. "My evil self is at that door, and I have no power to stop it!" He pounded on the wall and began to cry.

—HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!—

Alla ran to his side. Then the door began to turn red. Then yellow, bright yellow and finally white. Cosmic forces of incredible intensity whistled through the air as the doors melted and flowed out across the floor of the lab. The Monster was still invisible, but it was right there with them and would kill them in a matter of moments. The air smelled of electricity and fear. Alla ran toward Adams, and they embraced.

Morbus rushed forward, at the unseen terror, and shouted. "Stop... I DENY YOU... I GIVE YOU UP!" For an instant nothing happened. Then the form of Morbus left the ground, and swung to and fro in mid-air. Looks of horror and revulsion crossed the faces of Alla and John Adams, as they helplessly watched the body of Dr. Edward Morbus torn apart and thrown to the floor. Then the power ceased to light, one after the other, and all was quiet. The Monster was dead forever.

"With his dying words, Morbus begged Adams to turn a small wheel in the floor of the lab, and pull a lever that swung up to its place. Then he said, 'In 24 hours, you must be a million miles out in space... Cannot be rescued.' Krell furman... Cannot be rescued."

They ran through the roofing, melted doors of the lab. Alla sobbed to take Robby along. Adams activated the electro-magnet on the tractor and the robot flew from the house.

At the ship, take-off was immediate. Robby was aspired... so they managed to salvage some of the Krell secrets, after all. Alla, Morbus became Alla's Adams, with the ship's house performing the ceremony.

At the end of the 24 hours, the meta-viewscreen was switched on, in time to see Alla, Robby and the ship, instant, better than any star in the heavens.

They watched the empty spot where a planet had been a moment before, and the past was forgotten. It was all gone now, along with the bodies of those left behind. The nightmare was over, and the trip home was just beginning. The Forbidden Planet was gone.

FORBIDDEN PLANET

1956—1958—Columbia. Directed by Fred M. Wilcox. Starring Leslie Nielsen (Admiral), Walter Pidgeon (Dr. Michell), Warren Stevens (Dr. General), Anne Francis (Lorraine), and Jack Kelly (Falcon). Running Time: 88 minutes.

THE MONSTER TIMES FAN FAIR is another reader service of MT. Come to buy, sell or trade movie stills, old comics or tapes of old radio programs? Or maybe buy or advertise a fan-produced magazine? An ad costs only 10 cents per word (minimum, 25 words).

Make all checks and money orders payable to THE MONSTER TIMES, and mail your clearly printed or typewritten ad on the coupon below, to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011. We reserve the right to refuse ads which would not be deemed appropriate to our publication.

FINDERS KEEPERS is fandom's most extensive publication devoted to comic books, literature, and music. Send 75¢ for back issue number one. Order form: Don Jackson, 1843 Vine St., Adams, Blitch, 49221

Wanted: Music in Film. Gordon Seale's "The Producer," also, Miscellaneous Film. Contact: Mr. One, George Overholser, 1782 Woodward Ave., Atlanta, Georgia 30306.

Shelley Lightman, 144-31 41 Ave. Flushing, N.Y. 11355, would like a pen pal from Calif. Shelley is 8 yrs. old.

For sale: E.C. and Marvel comics, E.C. horror and sci. fic. Marvel, superhero. Call (001) 763-1508 after 8 p.m. or writer: C. Solomon, 18 Bayview Ave., Bayshore, N.J. 07061

Am interested in buying old items or books about magic. Also, old monster items. Contact: H. Levy, 92-16 Horace Harding Exp., Apt. 6K, Flushing Park, N.Y. 11368.

Five volume set of Edgar Allan Poe's complete works. Published in 1953. Great condition. Make offer. Rick Karc, 3379 Sunset, St. Louis, Mo. 63114

Old radio shows on cassette tapes two dollars an hour. can also trade for comic books. Send 25¢ for catalog and tell us what books you have to trade or sell. Flowers, 2638 Corbett, Jacksonville, Florida, 32218

Wanted: Marvel-Gold Key comics, superbooks, monster mag. List conditions. Be reasonable. Send lists to: Eric Rollins, 172 Sunset Ave., Hackensack, N.J. 07601.

The 3-D thriller HOUSE OF WAX remains complete collection of the all new EXTRAVAGANZA. Also, "The Heights of Frodoemont," "A Clockwork Orange," "Hector, Hector, what every movie fanatic. Available now for only 35¢. EXTRAVAGANZA, P.O. Box 91769, Fort Point, Ga. 30394.

THE SHADOW KNOWS! Old radio shows on tape. Best prices, fastest delivery. Howard, So-Fi, Mystery, Comedy, Ltd. 26c. P.O. Box 344, Woodbridge Park, Farm, N.J. 07095

Screen Monsters is a new fanzine just for monster fans. Dollar for 3 issues to: Charles Sachetta, 214 Springdale Ave., Evanston, Mass. 02149

Comic books, fanzines, stills, posters, Big Little books, dailies, collectors' and the Monster Times 1981 Easy "SECOND CLASS" at the rate of \$1.00. Send \$1.00 to: 7th Ave. N.Y.C. 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Advertisement \$1.00

Wanted: KRAZY KAT and George Harrison letters, articles, memorabilia, for biography. With to buy or borrow. Contact: 38 Thomas Ave., 10204 Woodland Road, Richmond, Virginia 22336.

Wanted: Photos from Gialliotti, Forbidden Planet, Destroy All Monsters, Mystery Island, Chills, Republics. Send list to: Ted Conway, Box 6, Box 763-F, Brookdale, Fla. 33612

Orders: TV Guide 1959 thru 1967 license for pre-visual bulk sale preferred. Call 2121 FID-3246. Pre-1954-76 a copy, after \$4.00-6¢.

HORROR-FANTASY-SCIFI POSTERS FOR SALE. Thousands of posters, legends, pseudonyms, and related film material available at low prices. However, Artist, vintage American International, Christopher Lee/Fred Goetz, etc. Send an SASE with \$1.00 postage for our catalog: Glen Crossman, Posters, 5900 Kanan Avenue, Baltimore, Md. 21206. Catalog free to our subscribers!

Wanted: Screen and screen stories writers and TV spots from the first "James Bond" film. Highest prices paid and best credits possible.

WANTED: Horror movie soundtracks on tape. Send your lists of titles available, and prices to: Steve Stone, 120 NW 19th, Mo. 205, Portland, Ore. 97208.

We buy pseudonyms, pen names, stills, monster mag., comic books. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for: Mr. Anthony, Capital 8762 3rd Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, N.Y.

Plans classic horror trailers for sale. Also silent trailers. 16MM Sound. Send for list. Mustang Films Ltd., P.O. Box 125, Island Park, N.Y. 11558

GORE CREATURES 17 is science journal of film-land's best! "Fanny in the Mind's Eye," "Hong Kong on the Frontier Couch," "Curse of the Cat People," and "Jack the Ripper on the Screen" by Alan Burt, plus more! 32 pages of photo-illustrated and illustrated with stills, art, and posters. \$5.00 from Gary Burt, 1806 Kanan Avenue, Baltimore, Md. 21205

Wanted: Dr. Savage paperbacks, No. 4, Belmont/Diamond, other B mystery books. Send lists to: J.C. Kaprielian, Pm. 147 Howard Hall, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

Wanted: Horror books, comics, pulp, horror papers, and to S Prospect St., Great Neck, 11021

ATTENTION: MONSTER MANIACS

Are you having problems finding THE MONSTER TIMES at your local newsstand? Does your blood boil every time you find the last copy sold out? Do friends and neighbors sink their talons into you because they can't get copies of their own?

Well, you can settle matters peacefully and avoid unpleasant embarrassment and needless carnage. All you've got to do is fill out the coupon below and send it our way RIGHT AWAY! That means NOW! Your problems will be eliminated, we'll feel better, and even our mutual monster friends will stop turning over in their graves.

MAIL COUPON TO: THE MONSTER TIMES P.O. Box 595 Old Chelsea Station New York, N.Y. 10011

Store or Newsstand needing THE MONSTER TIMES: _____

Store or Newsstand's ADDRESS: _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NEXT ISSUE!

(Wow! That was some issue you just finished reading, wasn't it? Full of shocking scoops and scholarly scans and monstrous mayhem of every variety—let you're wondering how we're going to outdo ourselves all over again next time. To kick off next issue's perverse proceedings we've got another of our TMT firsts! namely, the FIRST ANNUAL MONSTER TIMES MONSTER POLL. That's right... finally you, the monster fan, will have the opportunity to cast your vote for your all-time favorite fiends in a staggering variety of categories covering every phase of monster moviemaking. It's the first fully-realized, comprehensive poll of its kind and we hope that you'll participate by selecting your candidates for infamous inclusion in the TMT Horror Hall of Fame. Not only is this another great leap forward for monsterkind, but it should be fun to boot.

We've also got the full-story on that horror classic (!), THE MONSTER OF PEORAS BLANCAS, penned by someone



who actually lived in Plus yet another TMT scoop—a report on Willie O'Brien's Missing Monsters, the fascinating case history of a lost project that, unfortunately for monster fans everywhere, never made it to the shooting stage. You'll find out why next issue. For comics fans we've got a profusely illustrated bit of nostalgia about those bad old days When Monsters Ruled the Comics, plus a report on PERRY RHODAN, Germany's pulp superhero.



GET A HEAD START IN LIFE!

Dear MONSTER TIMES:

After suffering an unfortunate but inevitable (at least it turned out to be inevitable) accident that left me absent from the neck down, I began to think... I began to wonder if there was anything in this world of ours that would help relieve me of the deep sense of emptiness I was experiencing. Then I took out a subscription to THE MONSTER TIMES and pretty soon I started feeling myself again. I found myself enjoying most the parts I liked best and looking forward each issue to what was yet to come. In times like these, THE MONSTER TIMES is indispensable. It's one publication a body simply can't do without!

A SATISFIED MIND

And he's only one of countless satisfied MONSTER TIMES subscribers who have gotten a head start in life by making dead ones that each and every fascinating, fantasy-and-fact-filled issue is delivered directly to their door. You too can achieve peace of mind by filling out the form below and becoming a subscriber in good standing to THE MONSTER TIMES... "The Thinking Man's Monster Paper."

With every sub of a year or more, the subscriber gets a free 25-word classified ad, to be run on our Fan-Felt page. You can advertise comics or skills or services, etc. or for anything else, provided it's in good taste!... Subscribe!... Subscribe!...

I think THE MONSTER TIMES is just what I've been looking for!
Entered in \$.....

Make check or money order payable to:

THE MONSTER TIMES,

P.O. Box 698, Old Chelsea Station,

New York City, N.Y. 10011

As a new subscriber (for a sub of one year or more), here is my 25-word ad, to appear FREE of charge in Fan-Felt as soon as possible.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Subscription rates:
\$ 8.00 for 12 issues
\$10.00 for 24 issues
\$18.00 for 62 issues
\$12.00 for 26 issues CANADA
\$18.00 for 26 issues FOREIGN

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

PS: I pledge by the light of the next full moon to bother my local newspaper with no more than the best of the right of me and my dignity and promptly display THE MONSTER TIMES.

Please allow a few weeks for your subscription to be processed.

VOLUME 1 NO 17

WORLD'S FIRST NEWSPAPER OF HORROR, SCIENCE AND FANTASY!

GIANT
COLOR
POSTER
INSIDEthe
Monster
TimeFORBIDDEN
PLANET
FILMBOOK!

P.3

THE
WHY
OF ALL
FLASH!
P.650¢
REPLY
TO: P.O. BOX
100
NEW YORK
10011

SUPER SCI-FI ISSUE!

HOT ROD SERLING
SPEAKS! P.10MEET THE MYSTERIOUS
MYSTERIANS! P.12THE OFFICIAL
MONSTER TIMES
SCI-FI TV GUIDE! P.18SPECIAL
PREVIEW OF
SUPERSHOCKER
OF THE YEAR! P.22
ASYLUMKING KONG'S
HOMEBACK! P.27



Welcome to the Wide, Weird, and Wild World of Science-Fiction. In this, our long-awaited Sci-Fi Special, you'll journey with Spoken Word artist Allen Anderson to the FORBIDDEN PLANET, watch in horror as the world is destroyed once again by those mysterious MYSTERIANS; meet TV's most prolific and admired Sci-Fi scribe, ROD SERLING; travel into the southern netherworld of Los Angeles for the 30th Annual World Science Fiction Convention, and partake of a bizarre array of other otherworldly wonders too numerous and rebarbaric to name. And what better excuse to lead the way could there be than the greatest intergalactic love of all, the SUPERHERO, to round out the center of this super Sci-Fi Special? We'll have a special look at the comic book legends and Arthur C. Clarke's thoughts on what Flash as he may be in his very own dark future, HERITAGE, on Page 6. Discover why Flash means, despite all his competitors and imitators, the once and future king of Sci-Fi Fantasy. I mean, you don't "really" believe in Buzz Aldrin on Mars, do you???

